Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1840.

VOL. IX.—N° 50.

NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY PROPERTY

Contents of To-day's Paper.

SPORTING DEPARTMENT—	page
Memoir of Shark—Accompanied with his Portrait	595
Augusta (Ga.) Races	594
Pineville (S. C.) Races	591
Memphis (Tenn.) Races	"
The Performances of Eclipse and Henry in comparison with those of Boston, Lady Clifden, Picton, etc.	594
Bulletin from Arkansas	"
On Dits in Sporting Circles	"
Alexandria (La.) Races	591
Pigeon Shooting	"
Curling Match	"
Trotting Challenge	"
Four mile Stake at Trenton	591
Rowing Match	"
"The Biggest Dog"	"
The Southern Turf	"
English Eclipse	589
A Day with the Surrey Hounds	591
Evasion of the Game Laws	598
The City Steeple Chace	"
AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.	
Essay on Stall Feeding;—By C. Hillyard, President of the Northamptonshire Farming and Grazing Society	596
Roots—Necessity of other Products besides Indian Corn for Stock—Importance of Judicious Rotation	597
THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT—	page
Things Theatrical for the Week	600
Green Room Intelligence	"
A Musical Phenomenon	"
An Un-rehearsed Stage Effect; or, A Curtain Lecture	"
LITERARY DEPARTMENT.	
The Letter Bag of the Great Western	592
Marguerite de Bourgogne—The Tower	590
Sultan Mahmoud's last Excursion upon the Bosphorus	593
Absent without Leave	"
MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.	
Anticipated News by the Next Steamer	589
Hibernian Gentlemen Jocks	590
Diseases of the Dog	598
A Young Putnam	593
The Sheep Dog	"
Maryland Horses—Causes of Degeneracy in Certain Respects	597
Agricultural School	"
The Late Judge Buel	"
Great Horse Race	597
Mr. Phtm	"
The Boa Constrictor	591
To Correspondents	589
Gilpin's Reading Room	"
Thistle Ball	"
A Good One	"
Epitaph	598

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Subscriber" has written us from Georgetown, relative to Shark, and his letter would find a place had we not already devoted a page to him this week. The chirography is not altogether new to us, and we shall esteem it a favor if the writer will make us more familiar with it.

The child of Mrs. F. is a daughter, eight or nine years of age, and is at school in this city. As for the rest, "That's a lie, old Ferret!"

Our unknown correspondent "Caleb Ringlet" will accept our acknowledgments for his essay on "Matters and Things in general, and Trout and Birds in particular." Its great length prevents its publication this week, as we have no nice place at command worthy of so clever an article.

E. T.'s letter relative to M. D. is received, and we will endeavor to supply the necessary information. The portrait has arrived. Nothing was ever said in this paper detracting from the blood of the horse referred to, nor was his identity ever questioned. The old scoundrel who had charge of him some years since, attempted to get us into difficulty by pretending we had made some invidious remark about the purity of his blood. But so far from that we never heard of, spoke of, or thought of, such a horse. The E. S. who is said to have received $3000 for the horse in notes [were they paid?] is in no wise connected with the family of that name in this city and New Jersey. He is, however, in town, we believe, and when we meet him we will speak to him on the subject desired.

J. W. will see that we have complied with his request "after a fashion peculiar to ourselves." It will effect the thing—*sure*.

The Essay on "The Danger attending Wounds in Horses' Feet" shall have a place in our next.

A capital letter from the corresponding Secretary of the Mobile Jockey Club reached us last evening—too late for this week. Also, a report of the Raymond (Miss.) Races.

The Importation of Stock for Messrs. Nott & Fearn, of Mobile, has arrived in safety. The lot includes *Riddlesworth* and four young things. Particulars in our next.

TYPE FOR SALE.

To keep pace with the improvements of the day, and in accordance with the "spirit of the times," the publishers of This Paper will issue it on the 7th of March next in an entirely new and unique dress. Accordingly, having little further occasion for the several varieties of Type at present in use, they offer it for sale on the most liberal terms. The font of *Brevier* is above 600 lbs. weight. The font of *Nonpareil* is about 250 lbs. The necessary fonts of Fancy Type are also ample. The type has been in use but a comparatively short time, as must be remarked from its appearance. Apply, if by letter, post paid, to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." Jan. 31st.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1840.

ANTICIPATED NEWS BY THE NEXT STEAMER.

Cotton had advanced one penny and was looking stiff.

Stocks in great demand, not anticipating, by "no manner of means," the little difficulty in Philadelphia.

Money extremely abundant—lays in the streets—can be had for a mere song, provided it's a good one.

The British Queen was plying between Blackwall and Richmond for the winter—at sixpence a head.

The French, under Marshal Valée, have been unmercifully licked by Abdel Kader—it is supposed they will have to *evacuate*.

Lord Durham is in prison at St. Petersburg, on suspicion of being concerned in a radical conspiracy to do away with the *knout*.

Eighty new Atlantic Steamers *projected*.

The Carlist General, Cabrera, had defeated the Queen's troops near Tarragona, and was in full march on Madrid. Cortes bonds were selling at five-and-sixpence an ounce.

The expedition to China was openly progressing. The Government had advertised for tenders to supply pop-guns, cricket balls, and military whiskers.

Parliament met on the 26th January. A stormy debate on the Pension to Prince Albert—a committee appointed—Sir James Clarke, Sir Charles Clarke, Sir Astley Cooper, and Sir Benjamin Brodie, were peremptorily summoned!

Carter, the Lion King, had his nose bit off by a Panther, but the Taliocotian operation having been performed on the spot, all was made right. John Sefton narrowly escaped a serious loss by coming too closely in contact with a Lioness.

Boz's new novel, "*Marmaduke Myddleton*," was commenced; twenty-two thousand copies of the first part were sold in three days.

The Queen of England was married on the 14th, much earlier than was expected. She declared to Lady Portman that positively she would not wait any longer. The ceremony took place in Westminster Abbey. Our private correspondent has furnished us with a correct description of the Procession, which we hasten to lay before our readers. It was divided into two sections, as will be perceived by the following detail:—

QUEEN'S PROCESSION.

Drums and Trumpets.
The Sergeant Trumpeter.
Her Majesty's Servants.
A Quarter Waiter.
A Page. A Herald.
A Herald. A Gentleman Usher.
Vice Chamberlain.
Maids of Honor.
Ladies of the Bedchamber, not Peeresses.
Unmarried Daughters of Peers.
THE ROYAL BRIDE
In her nuptial habit, crowned, under a canopy of crimson velvet and gold,
Supported by the Dukes of Sussex, Cambridge, Wellington and Bedford.
Her Train borne by ten unmarried Ladies, daughters of Dukes.
Maids of Honor.
Pages.
Herald. Herald.

PRINCE ALBERT'S PROCESSION.

Drums and Trumpets.
The Knight Marshal.
Pursuivants and Heralds at Arms.
Knights of the Bath wearing their Collars.
Privy Councillors.
Treasurer of the Household.
Chancellor of the Household.
Lord Melbourne.
Marquis of Londonderry—Marquis of Waterford—Marquis of Tavistock.
Lord John Russell.
Norroy, King at Arms, wearing his Crown and Tabbard.
Herald.
Marquis of Landsdowne—Lord Holland—Marquis of Normanby.
Two Sergeants at Arms.
The Lord Chancellor.
Lord Lyndhurst—Lord Brougham—Lord Abinger.
The Chief Justice.
PRINCE ALBERT
in a Field Marshal's Uniform, boots and spurs.
His Sword, on a Plateau of Gold, borne by
Lord Combermere—Lord Hill—Lord Anglesea, and Sir Edward Codrington.
Herald. Herald.
Trumpets.
Gentlemen of the Bedchamber.
Master of the Robes.
Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs.
Lord Palmerston.
The Foreign Ministers and Attachés.
The Attorney and Solicitor General.
Herald. Herald.
Trumpets—Trumpets—Trumpets.
Trumpets—Trumpets.
Trumpets.

Precisely at two o'clock, the Royal cortége reached the Abbey door, where the Archbishops of Canterbury and York were in readiness to receive the Happy Pair and conduct them to the Nuptial Aisle. The Ceremony was performed by His Grace of Canterbury. The Duke of Sussex gave away the bride, and immediately on the joining of their hands the Park and Tower guns were fired. Their Majesties then took their seats on one side of the altar, on the state chairs, under a canopy. On the other side, all the rest of the Royal Family sat on chairs and benches. The Dowager Queen and the Duchess of Kent were seated next to each other, and appeared much moved by the solemnity. There was afterwards a Public Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace, but no presentations. London was brilliantly illuminated for three nights. On the day after the ceremony, a most numerous body of Peers, Peeresses, and Gentlemen of the first distinction, called to pay their respects, and were most graciously received, and invited to a ball in the evening. London was in a delirium of joy.

The sporting news is quite interesting. The prominent subject of discussion in the sporting and fashionable circles is the coming fight between the Marquis of Waterford and Deaf Burke. Nick Ward and the Chelsea Doctor are Burke's seconds, while Bendigo and the Hon. Capt. Fitzroy support the noble Marquis. Jem Ward is to be the umpire. The match is for £500 a side, and is to come off within ten miles of London. Frosty-faced Fogo is specially retained to chronicle the event in an appropriate epic, to appear in Bell's Life the Sunday following the set-to. The Marquis is the favorite at 5 to 4.

The Commissioners of Lunacy, to whom was referred the case of Mr. John Jorrocks, grocer, of Great Coram-street, have reported unfavorably of the state of mind of that much misused individual, who is yet in confinement, under the charge of simply believing himself to be Master of the Handley-Cross Hounds! It is currently asserted that Nimrod was the cause of all this unfortunate gentleman's present difficulties.

There is a match on the tapis between Lord Chesterfield and Lord George Bentinck—likely to be the most sporting affair of 1840—being no less than a match for £1000, between *Don John* and *Crucifix*!

"It's all very well, Mr. Ferguson!" but you're sure to "catch it" at last. Bell's Life states that this individual was seized by the grooms and stable boys on the Curragh at Kildare last Monday week, who after "currying" him with a raw hide, and "rubbing his legs" with a brickbat, gave him "a trial run" through a horse-pond. The "exercise" previous to the trial is described as having been so terribly severe, that he "let down" in both legs, and was with great difficulty got off the ground. He has since offered £50 reward for the discovery and conviction of his trainers, while the Turf Club has unanimously voted them five sovereigns each.

Bob Logic, the Yankee Rattler, after being sold for 300 guineas to a company of amateurs at Liverpool, was matched against Alexander also from this city, for £100 a side, to go ten miles on the Aintree Course. As Mr. William Smith was not to be had, one of the party was sent up to London to procure a Yankee rider for Bob, at any price. Not finding one to answer the purpose, application was made to Jim Crow. His reply was to this effect, that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to ride Bob, except, riding *Alexander*, for whom he had been previously engaged! The Logic party were now down on their luck. Jim Crow on the day appointed, appeared on the Course in a jockey suit of sables, got up for the occasion, with a miniature crow in silver on each side of the collar of his jacket, looking uncommon varmint. Alexander seemed in tip-top condition, while Bob was a good deal tucked up in the waist, having evidently been overworked. The Logic party finally forked out the tin, for the forfeit, while Jim offered to trot the Glasgow mare from one to thirty miles, or to sing Zip Coon, or Juba with her owner, for £100 a side. Neither proposition being acceded to, Jim, preceded by a band of music, was escorted to the Grand Stand, where he gave the spectators a taste of his quality in a regular break down, concluding with singing one of the most popular American National Melodies, but whether it was "Possum up a gum tree," or Gen. Morris' last "Southern Refrain," we regret to state Bell's Life is silent.

The famous Tunnel under the Thames having again collapsed, M. Brunel the engineer, has given it up in despair, and the "Thames Angling Club" have leased the property, so that while they can catch their fish at one end they can have them smoking on the table at the other.

The circulation of the four London Sporting Magazines is estimated to be but little short of seven thousand copies each per month.

Lord Brougham, in the course of a long letter to The Times, denies his ever having been the London correspondent of either the Baltimore "Clipper," or the New Orleans "Picayune," and intimates that Lord John Russell and Lord Durham could furnish, if called upon, some information to Government upon that head.

Bulwer has a new play nearly ready for Ellen Tree and Macready. The scene is laid in Patagonia.

Mdlle. Rachel is said to be engaged for America next season.

The French Minister of the Interior has introduced a resolution into the Chamber of Deputies relative to the importation from this country of a craft of thorough-bred horses, founded upon a report of the Grey Eagle and Wagner races copied from the "Spirit" into *Le Temps* and *Constitutionel*.

Lord Henry Seymour, the celebrated English Turfman in France, is said to have it in contemplation to import *Boston* and challenge the world to a race next Spring in the *Champ de Mars*.

GILPIN'S *Reading Room and Foreign Letter Office* in the new Merchant's Exchange, has been recently removed up stairs, on a level with the grand rotunda. The room was designed expressly for the purpose to which it is applied, and is sixty-five feet in length by twenty-eight in width, fronting on William street. The ceiling is composed of a succession of solid arches, resting on eight granite columns of the Doric order, and the floor is paved with asphaltum. The room is warmed by two of Nott's stoves, and in the evening is brilliantly lit with gas. The ceiling being very high, and the windows large, the light is remarkably fine; the smallest print can be easily read in any part of the room. In elegance of structure or convenience of arrangement, this room has no parallel in the Union. We have visited those in Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, and New Orleans, and while we cheerfully bear witness to the especially fine situation and arrangement of the last two, we are constrained to say they cannot compare in many essential respects with that of Mr. Gilpin. The Foreign Letter Office is here exceedingly well managed, the receipts on the day of sailing of a British steam-packet, frequently amounting to $1500. Letter Bags for all parts of the world are constantly open, and information relative to the sailing of the different vessels in port, may always be obtained at the desk. The number of papers and periodicals on file is immense. There are nearly one hundred daily papers received, while the weeklies and semi-weeklies swell the list to one hundred and fifty more. The Price Currents of every commercial mart in the world, with which this city is intimately connected, are here on file, while the number of foreign newspapers regularly received is unequalled. In fine, Mr. Gilpin's establishment is altogether worthy of the commercial metropolis of the Union, and we are pleased to know that it is so regarded by the mercantile world and business men generally. The courtesy and attention of the proprietor and his assistants are proverbial, and have contributed in an eminent degree in giving that popular character to the establishment, which has secured for it for several years, the most ample and generous patronage.

MARIAN; or *A Young Maid's Fortunes*. By Mrs S. C. HALL, author of "The Buccaneer," "Uncle Horace," "Sketches of Irish Character," etc. In 2 vols., 12mo. New York, Harper & Brothers.

We have not found leisure yet to get through the first volume of this last work of Mrs. HALL's, but we anticipate great pleasure in the continuation.—She is a most delightful authoress. Many of her works, her Irish Sketches, for instance, we have read again and again with renewed gratification. New publications are so rare of late that the appearance of an original work from the pen of Mrs. Hall will be surely greeted with the utmost cordiality.

THISTLE BALL.—This Ball will take place on Tuesday evening next, at Tammany Hall, when a large and respectable assemblage may be expected. Though the managers of the *Thistle Society* have chosen to derive their name from a national emblem, the charities they so liberally dispense are not restricted to the natives of any particular country. While their funds last, the claim of distress is never preferred in vain, and in a thousand instances have they stepped in to shield the native of Britain from the sad necessity of becoming a burthen to his adopted country. During the present trying season, the drain upon their treasury has been incessant; they have therefore deemed it expedient to anticipate the period usually fixed on for the ball, by two or three weeks, in order to meet the pressing exigencies of the case. This appeal of the Society to the humane and charitable, must not—will not, be made in vain.

ENGLISH ECLIPSE.

It was announced some weeks since in these columns, that a new engraving had been executed from an original painting of ECLIPSE. It has not yet reached this country; the following notice of it we find in a London paper:

ECLIPSE.—A new print of this celebrated racer has been published lately by Mr. Moore, of Upper St. Martin's-lane, with whose collection of similar subjects our sporting readers are well acquainted.

The engraving is from the famous portrait by Stubbs. It is a faithful transcript of the original, and is colored with equal carefulness and spirit. For the benefit of those who did not come into the world till after Eclipse had gone out of it—that is to say, all of him but his bones, which we believe are still preserved at Cannons—we may remark that he was a bright chesnut with some white about the face, and the off leg behind white up to the hock. His head is well put on, and there is much of good expression in his countenance—for we are physiognomists even in horse-flesh; his foot is full and open, and of a size that bears some proportion to the weight it has to carry, or, in other words, it is as different as possible from the miserable pinched up box-hoof that modern artists delight to draw in their portraits of modern winners. Whether we must attribute this difference to an idiosyncracy in the said artists, that leads them to "draw upon their imagination for their facts," or whether to the circumstance asserted by some, that England "has lost the breeds of noble bloods," is a question too wide for our present limits. One thing, however, is certain; with the fine well-developed foot we have described, Eclipse contrived to do what none of his successors have ever accomplished—he ran for several years, and never lost a race.

There may be ill-natured people in the world who will find a reason for this, in the cynical suggestion that in former days there were not so many gentlemen-jocks as at present. We should be sorry to be forced into giving an opinion on a point of so much delicacy; but we may say, that we would never let a "gentleman" ride a horse of ours, nor any other man either—let him be the best that ever wore leathers—if we had only a suspicion that he had a book on the race. There are two other points about Eclipse that are worth a moment's reflection—he never ran a two-year-old stake, and never paid forfeit. We do not mention these facts as having any connection with one another, but as being each of value in the way of instruction. Our predecessors knew too well what a horse was made of not to be aware that, if you take too much out of him in infancy, you have no right to expect a successful prime, or a vigorous old age; and it would further seem probable that they made their entries and matches before dinner.

It does appear, we confess, that we have swerved a little from the course—we have been somewhat led away from the print by the subject of it. We hope the digression may not be altogether useless; but we have now done with it, as we shall have with Eclipse himself, when we have noticed his one remaining peculiarity. His back appears to have been unusually long; yet in looking at his breadth of muscle, the compactness of his bone, and the strength of his hocks, we feel no surprise at his prowess. Without the defect in question he would, it is true, have been perfect; but what of that? None but fools or madmen look for perfection; and, formed as Eclipse was, "take him for all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

A Good One.—A little girl who had been in the habit of begging for cold victuals, called as she had been accustomed, at a certain house in a village, and on being given the usual portion, entered her protest against it, and said there was not enough. "Why" said the lady, "is this not as much as we have been in the habit of giving you." The girl very innocently replied. "Oh yes; but we are *taking boarders* now."

Ahead of the Yankees.—In Paris there is a class of men who make a business to get run over by carriages for the purpose of recovering damages. A Yankee would hardly have thought of this system of making a raise.

"Mr Jones, you must take the *responsibility*," as the Illinois editor's wife said, ven she gave her husband the young 'un to nurse.

HIBERNIAN GENTLEMEN JOCKS.

JOHN DENNIS, ESQ., ALIAS BLACK JACK.

MANAGER OF THE COUNTY OF GALWAY FOX-HOUNDS.

"'Again at the agreeables,' as the bee remarked when he stuck into the honeysuckle for a matutinal." What a remarkably pleasant thing it is to be enabled to tell a plain tale about a plain and honest man: no wonder that there are so many auto-biographers ready to bring forward the life and actions of the Duke of Wellington; away they can go at the first start, make any running they like, and win when they please, only keeping common rules up, and recollecting that a verb must agree with its nominative, and that active verbs govern the objective case; but let those chaps just try one of Tom Moore's sketches, and *voila une difference.* How that worthy little "brick" must have sweated over his lines of Lord E. Fitzgerald! and Byron, how he must have nosed that as too strong and t'other as too feeble—how he must have Macassar-oiled his language to adorn his subject—how he must have alternately called upon his memory and then taken a pull again—how he must have quieted his naturally euthusiastic mind, as a showman cools down an ourang-outang before he shows him to an expectant audience; but all historical reminiscences must fade before the brilliant edition of this year, for we have now before us a "*Charles the Twelfth produced by Voltaire, and corrected by Scott, bound in solid leather and warranted proof, et nullus error.*" *Voila le vrai tems de jour;* and let us go back to our potatoes, as the sow remarked when she quitted the cabbage stump for the trough.

If the *nom de guerre* applied to anything but Mr. Dennis's personal appearance, it would have been very ill-placed, inasmuch as there are few persons in the sporting world who, both by nature and breeding, maintain more absolute command over themselve than Black Jack; indeed, he is one of the most deservedly beloved sportsmen in Ireland; hospitable to all, from his national taste, he has a natural tact which throws into the shade all that Lord Chesterfield ever wrote, or George the Fourth inculcated. John Dennis is in height 5ft. 10in., with black hair and whiskers; is remarkably good-looking, and is considered one of the most active men in Galway, a county where, as one half of the population are running after the bailiffs to make a spatch-cock of their mugs, and the other half are running away from them, the term agility must be far above par.

You must always as surely begin a reminiscence of John Dennis with his horse Alhambra as of Washington Irving with his Alhambra. John Dennis's Alhambra was a staring great Camel of a nag, about seventeen hands high, with good legs, and a great deal of the country to be seen under his belly (i. e., rather short waisted;) he was the grandest fencer, perhaps, ever seen—in fact, he was that sort of a nag that, if you took him fast from the back of Kingstown Pier, would land you upon the Mull of Galloway, making a double fence of it, and acknowledging the Isle of Man by a slight touch of his hind legs; and let Washington Irving beat that flight if he can—only let him and Black Jack get at the head, and then there was some work and bustle, as the earwig remarked in his lectures on accousticks; away they went, disdaining to acknowledge the fences by a touch, and you would imagine that it would take Woolwich to stop them, and as to the warriors in the rear, 'twas poundage to their ever getting up; and now the mile out is passed, and Black Jack is sailing away from home, carrying canvass still, although the mill seems a little shook by the blast; well may Black Jack wish to increase his distance, for now Ould Muck begins to shake Valentine, Allan M'Donogh has taken up Monarch's head, Hysie Dickson is sending Rupee along, and now they are leading into the field as Black Jack gets into another; now they are in the same field—now they are all abreast at the fourth last fence from home—Black Jack still clings for the head with the pluck and tenacity of a bull dog, but Nature has cried enough; Alhambra, once collared, calls out for his mamma—he puts his fore-legs upon the next fence, and in that commanding situation is Black Jack left, like the Colossus of Rhodes; his right hand in vain flagellates the falling one, although he lays it into him in a style thet astonishes the *schoolmaster*; who is (like Alhambra) abroad; and now Hysie Dickson is *stritched and not expected*, and now ould Muck is closing the last fence, when suddenly Val swerves, the £50 added disappears from the ould-'un's view, and his mug immediately becomes ourang-outangized. Young Muck, with a smile that would make the fortune of a gingerbread baker, tops the fence, and Monarch wins amidst the cheers of the Fermoy jontlemin. Ould Muck trots up with an objection, Hysie Dickson's last words are taken down with a cross to prove one, and Black Jack Dennis comes to scale "as proud as a paycock spaking to nobody."

Very few of the steeple-chace riders of Ireland are at all addicted to hunting. Ferguson always replied to a hunting invitation "What 'ill ye bet me I don't beat ye?" and the professors in general keep themselves for the battle-field, Mr. Dennis, however, is a most enthusiastic sportsman, and has gotten up the Galway fox honnds in a style which will ensure success and show sport to that very game country. It was only in the south counties that Mr. Dennis was doomed to suffer defeat, as he won an immense number of steeple-chaces with Alhambra in the counties of Mayo and Westmeath; he also won some good stakes with Don Juan and with Heart of Oak. He lost Don Juan in consequence of an accident, his back being chinked in the act of throwing him down for the purpose of cutting. Heart of Oak well deserved the name; if Alhambra had his heart the fly-away system must have succeeded. He has also been very fortunate with a black mare called Caradori. In 1837 he took his horses to Melton for the hunting season, where he was always in the first flight, and sold Alhambra there: he must be a grand hunter in a stiff country, if put straight along. Mr. Dennis's system of getting away from a crowd is (in my opinion) the best part of his riding; and if he were not so anxious to continue the system after having settled down into a good place, it would be all the better: it may do, when a parcel of gentlemen wish to make fools of themselves with their harlequin jackets, and the pace may put them and not their horses astray; but with such men as the Mucks, Ferguson, Dickson, &c., it never pays; they know too well that he must come back to them, and accordingly they make use of such a leader as the shark does the pilot-fish, to point out the chart's track. Mr. Dennis only once made his bow to an English audience, and I believe it was the only occasion upon which he rode a horse not his own, it was upon Daniel O'Connell, a horse of Mr. Knaresbro's, at the great Cheltenham steeple-chase in 1837; Beecher was upon Vivian, Young Muck upon the Disowned, the Marquis of Waterford upon Monarch, *cum multis aliis*—as the Irish gents were aware of the bad condition of Monarch, and dreaded the Disowned's fencing, they clapped all their tin upon Dan, keeping only the brass on their mugs for *his box at home*—away they went at a trot, the Marquis giving them a leafy chaunt going along; after the first verse, however, he set it to a quick tune, and went to work in earnest, and lost his chance of the stakes by staking Monarch shortly after; John Dennis then took them off, and had the whole bunch tied up, the Captain on Vivian, in difficulties, and the rest at the bar, and if he had taken a pull at Dan he must have won in a trot, but no—charge all, was the word—the goal was before him in full view, and it was a whale to a sprat all the globe over, and in coming full split upon a bye road the farmers assembled there galloped off to see the finish, and Dan, like his namesake, true to the people, bolted after them; Vivian came up, dropped into the lane, and struggled out again, and the Captain once more brought the old horse, No. 1, before Black Jack could get Dan back; much against his own opinion, but very much to his satisfaction, the act was passed, the Captain was weight, there was no repeal, Dan was shuck, and John Dennis's charge was a discharge to the pockets of the Jack Bulls there assembled; our *chateaux en Espagne* disappeared, either a balloon or a miracle was to put us out of Cheltenham, and how we effected a retreat (great as Corunna) remains an enigma to this day. It is all up with us, I fear—I have drawn, as I thought, many prizes in the sporting world, and they have all turned out blanks, and I am left, at the round age of 50, with a potato garden, a Kerry cow, and a cottage for the realities, and a bottle of potheen, a hit at backgammon, and the priest for the imaginaries. When I look over all that I was to have gotten, and see the little I have, never, since the days of the crab thrower, Esau, was there a more luckless wight. First—I went over with two new suits and a bran new Caroline hat, and a few sovereigns—then, indeed, to me, crowned heads, to back Canteen for the Leger; I was near falling over the balustrades, shouting Canteen, and frightened a gentleman near me so much that he fainted, and awoke a winner of thousands; my shout for Canteen was all cant, and the Englishman escaped quit for the fright, "as the fox remarked when he passed John Musters on crutches;" then came Sir Hercules, and away we went, leaving our handwriting in every bank in the country, and protesting that there should be no protest; he ran third dead lame for the Leger, also, and could have won if he had been anything like in form; if his form was bad mine was worse, I wore one shirt for nine days, indeed I would have taken Dejanira's garment on chance, and was near coming home in full penance, in sackcloth, as to the ashes there could be no doubt, as I worked as a fireman in the good ship Lee for the home service; then came Bran's year, and I sold my best cob, a double-barrelled gun, and my grandfather's pistols, and off I went again, and was again defeated, though near enough just to peep into the gold mine (John Bull's purse); all of the mixture I got was the water, and I went home, not shaken, but shuck, without even a mash to comfort me; then over to Liverpool, with Billy Disney's Skylark, after sending my last reminiscences of my ancestors, in the form of two claret jugs, to those destroyers of antiquarian pride, the Smelters, and I returned home from my *lark without a song*, slaying no slain at all to the name, save that *I was under a cloud*; then came Rust's year, and away I went again, this time in splendour, having received a consolatory legacy from the funds of a deceased relative, but Rust was conquered, and I had to *scour*, and although Tom Ferguson (as it was said) got the Barber for making the running for the General, yet I required no crinitory mentor, I was *shaved clean enough*; then came Dan O'Connell, and for my sins Jemmy the fag, alias Jemmy Knaresbro', put Black Jack upon him, his first and last appearance; he first ran away with Dan, and then Dan ran away with him, but between Dan and Jack I was victimized, and only for speed of foot.

I should have surrendered to the authorities, who in my case would have been anything but civil; then came the unkindliest cut of all—Harkaway—and after having endured, with the patience of a saint, St. Bennett's victory, and got together a little canikin full at Goodwood and Wolverhampton (where by-the-bye at the last place it was too near to be pleasant) with Epirus, I put down the whole pot, and a good turf fire under it, at Doncaster, and my misfortunes upon that occasion are already before the public in your "Bell's Life" of 1838; and now, how have I fared by the turf? The cats are at this moment passing my shinty laden with turf, which I lost upon the turf, my bog is cut up to allow me to cut off, "Birnam Wood has come to Dunsinane"—my wood, that is, my bog wood, is crackling upon every hearth in the country save my own; since the loss of the double-barrel, *even the snipes upon my estate make game of me;* the loss of my pistols and shirt linen prevent my going to elections; I have nothing in perspective but a stone Tom Steele stuck up on a mountain as a monument of folly; my retrospective consists of empty bottles, and vain chimeras, and the only glad sound now in my ears is the joyful knell of Hen's bell. But what has all this to say of Black Jack? he saw all this too, but he lost nix, he doubled, and he buttoned up his heart and his pocket at the same time, and he was right; pluck he wants not, eye he has—may time give him head, and that will keep his heel quiet—and with this well-meant advice, and a sincere wish for his earthly and eternal happiness—farewell Black Jack.

SHAMROCK.

Bell's Life in London.

MARGUERITE DE BOURGOGNE.

THE TOWER.

Situated opposite the Louvre, on the other side of the Seine, and at the angle bounded by the river and the fosse of the enclosure formed by Philip Augustus, there stood, in former times, a tall, gaunt-looking building, termed by the ancient Parisians *Le Tour de Nesle;* from its contiguity to the gate of the same name, by which Henri IV. entered Paris, after having besieged that city in 1589. It was composed of several irregular floors, each of which comprised the greater part of the area contained within its circular walls; and while the summit commanded an extensive view over the ground, now covered by the buildings of the tenth and eleventh *arrondissemens*, the base was washed by the river, over whose waters some of the windows of the upper apartments projected. A semicircular ditch extended behind it, on the side nearest the bank; and as this was unprovided with bridge, or pass, of any kind, the only manner of arriving at the interior was from the river by a boat.

Few of the people of Paris knew to what purpose this isolated building was applied. In an earlier period it had been used as a depository for arms and implements of warfare; but now, the upper windows were screened from view by projecting shutters on the outside, and massive bars crossed the lower ones, defying all entrance by that means. Dark tales, it is true, were in circulation about that old tower, and the circumstance alone of many bodies being daily found below its mouldering and time-blackened walls, had thrown an air of terror around it, which inspired those who gazed on it with a like feeling; whilst its narrow loopholes were viewed with sentiments of fear very strongly mingled with curiosity to pry into the secrets of its solitary confines. But, on the evening to which we refer, the tower was not deserted. From an apartment on the second story, leaning against an unglazed and half-bricked up casement, Orsini, a taverner, was intently watching the torrent beneath him. He had placed his lamp in a recess, so that its light was nearly concealed from the eyes of any one on the opposite bank; and, muffled in a heavy cloak, he was listlessly, yet impatiently, tapping with the handle of his poignard upon the stone sill of the window. It was a wild and stormy night without. The fine autumnal afternoon had changed to a black and murky evening, and the thunder was rolling fearfully through the overcharged heavens, causing the old building to reverberate to its very foundations. Above, the lightning was playing in constant and vivid flashes, continually throwing the outlines of the higher buildings into bold relief against the illumined background: whilst beneath, the swollen waters of the rapid Seine, turbid with the refuse that it was receiving from the drains which emptied themselves into it without the walls, conjoined its angry and divided stream below the Ile du Palais, and chafed and roared like a mountain torrent against the base of the tower.

"So," muttered Orsini to himself, as he gazed on the struggling elements, "'tis a fine night for our orgies in the tower. The heavens are black, the rain falls, the city sleeps, and the river swells to receive its anticipated prey. 'Tis a fit time for gallantry; the roar of the thunder, and the rushing of the Seine, are mingling their sounds with the ringing of glasses and the sighs and kisses of love—a strange concert, forsooth, where the gods and demons have each their part! Ha! ha! laugh, young fools, laugh," he continued, as a sound of merriment, proceeding from the room above him, reached his ear; "laugh while ye can. I expect you here, as I expected others yesterday—as I shall expect them again to-morrow. And yet 'tis a fearful condition, that, because they have entered here, they must die; because their lips have received and given kisses that they ought not to receive and give, they must be silenced, ne'er to re-open but before the throne of God.... *Tiens!* the crier of the night already returned! the hours wear on."

As he spoke, the voice of the patrol was heard in the street, below the tower. "It is two hours of the night: the rain falls: all is tranquil: *Parisic s, dormez!*"

"Ay, slumber on," thought Orsini. "Those who now mock repose will be locked in a deeper sleep than yours ere long. Eyes are sparkling now, which will be dim and sunk before morning; and warm blood is running in your veins that will soon be stilled for aye. Ha! who moves there?" he exclaimed, turning suddenly round, and then first becoming aware that there was another occupant of the chamber beside himself.

At the bottom of the small flight of stairs that wound curiously up to the apartment above, stood a female, who had, apparently, just descended from the room whence the laughter had proceeded. Her figure was tall and commanding; but it would have been difficult to have assigned any precise age to her, so intimately did the bloom and freshness of the girl appear to mingle with the full and well-defined proportions of womanhood. Her fair and beautiful hair was hanging, half dishevelled, on her white rounded shoulders; and her blue eyes were sparkling with excitement, while the same breathing glow of warmth was diffused over her noble countenance. She carried a small lamp in her hand, and a mask hung from her arm. The rough Orsini bent before her as she advanced, for it was his Queen—it was Marguerite de Bourgogne.

"Orsini!" she exclaimed, in a voice trembling with emotion, "where are your companions—are they here?"

"They are, madame, here and ready: the night advances."

"Is it then so late?" asked the Queen. "No, no, you are deceived. Look! how dark and still is all abroad." And, sighing deeply, she sank dejectedly on a rough bench, which formed part of the scanty furniture of the room.

"No matter, madame," returned the taverner, with the assurance warranted by a partnership in guilt; no matter: we must extinguish the lamps, and collect the wine-cups. Your boat attends you: you must cross the Seine, and, having entered your royal dwelling, leave us masters here—the sole masters."

"Oh, no!" faltered the Queen. "Leave me, I beseech you, leave me. This night has not resembled those I have passed before; this young man resembles not the others: he is like one only that I know. Do you not find it so, Orsini?"

"Whom think you he resembles, then?" gruffly demanded the host.

"Gaulthier Daulnay," answered the Queen; "*my* Gaulthier. I have looked at him often to-night, and thought I beheld Gaulthier; in listening to him I thought I heard Gaulthier. He is all love and passion—he cannot betray us."

"Trust him not, though, madame," said Orsini. "Think of him but as a childish toy, which must be played with, and then broken. Think that the greater freedoms you have allowed him, the more there is to fear. It is nearly three by the tower clock; retire, madame, and leave us this young cavalier."

"Leave him to you, Orsini!" exclaimed Marguerite, rising from the bench. "No, no! Go and demand of my sisters, that they abandon their gallants to you: if they will, let it be so; but this one—we *must* save him. All this night I have been masked in his presence, and he would not know me again; he has not once seen my face. But, hist! he approaches. Descend to your companions, but, remember—he must be saved."

As Orsini quitted the room, the object of Marguerite's solicitude appeared on the stairs. His countenance was wild and flushed: his foot was unsteady, and an empty goblet in his hand indicated the source of his excitement. The Queen had not been deceived in discovering a likeness: it was Philippe Daulnay who advanced towards her; and, passing his arm round her waist, attempted to draw her towards him. Marguerite fell back, and, fixing her mask on her face, exclaimed, hurriedly—

"Young man, the day is breaking—you must be gone."

"What concerns me the day or night?" said Philippe. "We have neither day nor night. The lamps burn, the wines sparkle, our hearts beat, and time passes; let us return."

"No, it cannot be: we must separate."

"Separate! and we may never meet again. It is not yet time to part; and to divide the links of this chain is to break them."

"You have promised to be rational," said the Queen. "My husband will awaken—he will come to seek me. Again I tell you, it is daylight."

"You deceive yourself—it is but the moon gliding from between two clouds chased by the wind. Your husband will not come; age is confiding and sleepy. Still one hour, *ma belle maitresse*—one hour, and then farewell—for ever!"

"Not one instant," returned Marguerite. "Depart: it is I who beseech you. Go without looking behind you—without thinking more of this night of love; without speaking to a soul, even were he your dearest friend. Fly!" she added energetically, "quit Paris, and for ever—I implore you—I *command* you."

As Marguerite uttered these last words she drew herself up to her full height and pointed towards the door. Although masked, Philippe *felt* she was looking at him, and he half shrunk before her.

"*Eh bien!*" he answered; "I will go; but your name?.... Oh! tell me your name, that it may whisper itself for ever in my ear—that it may be graven for ever on my heart. Your name! that I may repeat it in my dreams. I have divined that you are beautiful—that you are noble. Your name! in one last kiss, and I will depart."

"I have no name for you," returned Marguerite. "This night once passed, all has finished between us. I am now free, and so are you also. We are equal on the score of hours passed together, for I owe no more to you than you do to me. Obey me, then, if you love me; obey me, if you love me not, for I am a woman; I am mistress here, and I command you to depart."

"So!" exclaimed Philippe, in a tone of irony, "I am but a woman's sport. Well, well! I go; adieu, noble and honest dame, who givest rendezvous by night, and to whom the shade of that night does not suffice for a sufficient mask. But you will not make *me* the toy of an hour's passion; you shall not say that you will laugh at the dupe *you* have created."

"What mean you, sir?" said Marguerite, half alarmed at his determined tone, and recoiling as he approached her.

"Fear not, madame," he answered, snatching a pin from her hair; "it will be less than nothing—a scratch, a mere simple sign by which I shall know you when we meet again." And as he spoke, he thrust the pin through her mask against her forehead. "Now tell me your name, or not—take off your mask, or remain concealed, I care not, for I shall recognise you."

"You have wounded me, sir!" exclaimed the Queen, starting back, in a tone wherein fear and rage were strangely mingled. "You have wounded me, and the consequence be on your head. Fool! fool! I would have saved you, but it is too late: you shall *not* know me even now." And she caught up the lamp, and hastening up the staircase, left Philippe Daulnay in total darkness and alone.

For a few minutes all was still; the dead quiet of the chamber was broken but by a stealthy footstep, now and then, on the floor above, and the rushing of the Seine, as it chafed against the worn and rugged base of the tower. The storm had subsided; and a few stars were appearing in the heavens, but not sufficient to dispel any of the gloom that pervaded the interior. As he groped his way towards the window, in the hope of discovering some means of egress, a sound fell upon his ear as of a door opened on rusty and long unused hinges. The next moment he heard footsteps, and before he could challenge the intruder, a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Who is there?" exclaimed a voice at his side.

"*C' est moi,*" answered Philippe; "but what matters it to you?"

"I should know that voice," returned the other. "'Tis Philippe Daulnay."

"Buridan! you here too!" said Philippe, as he recognized his companion of the evening.

"Yes, *sang Dieu!*" returned the captain; "and would to God we had met at another spot! Know you not were we are?"

"Nay; I would ask you that question. I know not even our entertainers, although, ere long, I trust to find them out."

"How mean you?"

"Easily, forsooth. I have marked my fair lady's forehead with a sign she shall not easily wash off. Her mask was not proof against steel."

"Imprudent boy!" said Buridan. "'Tis plain you know not our present situation, or you would have been more careful."

"In the name of our Lady, then, where are we?" eagerly demanded Philippe.

"Approach the window," said Buridan, leading him towards it. "Now strain your eyes through the darkness, and tell me what you see on the opposite bank?" "'Tis the Louvre." "At your feet?" "The Seine." "And around you the Tour de Nesle!" "The Tour de Nesle!" exclaimed Philippe, as a cold shiver ran through his frame. "Yes," replied Buridan; "'tis indeed the old tower, beneath whose walls bodies are found every morning."

"And we are without arms—for they, doubtless, demanded your sword on entering, as they did mine."

"Of what use would they be here?" said Buridan. "Flight is our resource from the assassins—not combat. Thanks to the Virgin, the moon has re-appeared, and we can search an outlet easier than before."

While he was speaking, the clouds, which had long obscured the light, passed away, and the moon poured her silver stream into the interior of the apartment, revealing two small doors in the wall that had hitherto escaped their observation.

"Ha!" exclaimed Buridan; "there is still a chance, look you—to the door—quick, quick!"

"'Tis fastened," said Philippe, as he tried the handle.

"Force it, then, force it," returned the other; and as Philippe retreated, he applied his foot heavily against it. The door yielded to his efforts, for the hinges were old and rust-worn; and, as it gave way, a blast of cold air rushed into the room.

"It opens but on the river," said Philippe, in a tone of disappointment, advancing to the door, and gazing on the swift waters beneath him. "I could stem no torrent such as this. Let us try the other door, by which, doubtless, you came here: whither does it lead?"

"To your death, if you enter it again. I passed three men-at-arms on my way hither from the *salon*, where we have been so strangely entertained; but they were sleepy with wine, and heeded me not; it is lighter also, now—it will not do to attempt."

"And I cannot swim," added Philippe, sadly.

"But I can," said Buridan; "nay, I will; and we may yet obtain aid."

"'Tis a fearful leap," said Philippe, advancing towards a small wooden balcony, which was erected outside the door.

"But I will take it," answered Buridan, coolly dispossessing himself of his doublet, which he flung over the rails. "Stop," he added, as he hesitated an instant on the threshold; "should I perish, Philippe, and you escape, avenge me. If, on the contrary, I am saved, and you fall, I will go to your brother Gaulthier, and tell him; but you must write it: there must be proof."

"I have neither pen, nor ink, nor parchment," said Philippe, sorrowfully.

"Take these tablets, then," returned Buridan, drawing a small book from his vest. "You have, in your hand, a woman's hair-pin; in your arms are veins, and in those veins, blood. If I should be saved, and you perish, I will take these tablets to your brother. Write, then, and he will believe me: write, and I will demand vengeance for you."

To strip up his sleeve and pierce a vein, was, to Philippe Daulnay, but the work of an instant. He leant forward in the moonbeams to obtain more light, and awaited the dictation of Buridan.

"Write," said the captain, "these words:—'*I have been assassinated by*....' I will place the name, for I shall recognise your hostess by her wounded forehead, sooner or later. And now, Philippe, if I die, do for me as I would have done for you. Adieu! seek flight by whatever means you can, but linger not here."

As Buridan finished speaking, he scaled the balcony, and leapt fearlessly into the torrent. It was a fall of some twelve or fourteen feet, and he sank deep into the water at first; but when Philippe saw him again he was gallantly breasting the stream across the river.

And now, with desperate activity, Philippe rapidly tried every aperture and recess of the apartment, but in vain: all were firmly closed. The staircase alone remained. Swiftly mounting its narrow and winding steps, he pushed firmly against the trap-door that closed its entrance. It yielded—a ray of hope sprung up—he could, perhaps, escape that way; but as he rose through the opening, an arm seized his collar, and forcibly thrust him back.

"Orsini!" he exclaimed, as he recognised the taverner. "Unhand me, villain; or at least allow me to meet you on equal chances."

But the clutch of the other tightened, as he spoke, with suffocating power round his throat, and his utterance was checked by the grasp. Collecting all his strength, he seized the assassin by the belt, and attempted to pull him down. In so doing, his foot slipped on the stairs: the sudden jerk, occasioned by this accident, was too quick and powerful for Orsini to resist; and, falling through the trap upon Philippe's shoulders, they rolled heavily down the staircase into the apartment he had just quitted. The shock separated their hold on each other for a moment; but they were instantly again on their legs, as their headlong career was stayed. A fearful struggle now ensued; for each was equally powerful and unarmed. Rushing on Orsini with the spring of a tiger on his prey, Philippe passed his arms round the other's waist, and, grasping the balus-

trade, against which he had driven him, pressed the taverner with all the strength he could throw into his young and robust frame, between his own body and the staircase. In vain Orsini writhed in his powerful grasp. The blood purpled in his face; his mouth opened; his blackened tongue protruded and his glaring eyeballs appeared ready to burst from their sockets, as his respiration became stifled by the hug of his antagonist; whilst a crimson froth oozed from his lips and nostrils. Had they been alone, without doubt a few minutes longer would have ended the struggle; but the companions of the taverner had followed them closely down stairs, and began to tear Philippe from his hold. Their united efforts dragged him off; not, however, without the rail of the staircase in his hand, and he was hurled to the other side of the room. In an instant, he had seized the bench (which we have before spoken of as one of the scanty *ameublemens* of the chamber), and launched it forcibly against his opponents. One of the party fell; and Philippe would have possessed himself of his arms the next instant, when Landry, raising a heavy axe, dashed it on his head, splitting his skull like an egg-shell before it. As the unfortunate victim fell, crushed and bleeding, upon the ground, the voice of the crier was again heard beneath the windows, as he uttered, "It is three hours of the night. All is tranquil. *Parisiens, dormez!*"

Albert.
Literary World.

A DAY WITH THE SURREY HOUNDS.

FROM THE COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1840.

The comic almanac is so well-known and so generally approved that it needs no recommendation from us. We shall only say that George Cruikshank and "Rigdum Funidos," have compounded between them a sovereign remedy for that very distressing English malady *ennui*; or that yet more disagreeable complaint, the singular attribute of which is that the patient will never acknowledge himself to be a sufferer from it—*ill-temper*. All ye idle who are mournful from pure vacuity of thought;—all ye sorrowful, who have recently played the game of cross-purposes in one fashion or another;—all ye solitary in single forlorn dulness;—all ye sulky or cross, with a scolding wife and noisy children, who will not take the fairy's advice "to hold your mouth full of water whilst you count a hundred," all ye, and all with similar afflictions, buy the comic almanac, and if it prove not a panacea for such ills, "that flesh is heir to" your case must then be hopeless. Surely you will laugh even at a single chapter from the history of "Barber Coxe and the Cutting of his Comb."

Our ball had failed so completely, that Jemmy, who was bent still on fashion, caught eagerly at Tagrag's suggestion, and went down to Tuggeridgeville. If we had a difficulty to find friends in town, here there was none; for the whole county came about us, ate our dinners and suppers, danced at our balls—ay, and spoke to us too. We were great people, in fact; I a regular country gentleman; and, as such Jemmy insisted that I should be a sportsman, and join the county hunt. "But," says I, "my love, I can't ride." "Pooh! Mr. C." said she, "you're always making difficulties; you thought you could'nt dine at seven o'clock; you thought you couldn't lie in bed after six; and haven't you done every one of those things? You must, and you shall ride!" And when my Jemmy said "must and shall," I knew very well there was nothing for it: so I sent down fifty guineas to the hunt, and, out of compliment to me, the very next week I received notice that the meet of the hounds would take place at Squashtail Common, just outside of my lodge-gates.

I didn't know what a meet was; and me and Mrs. C. agreed that it was most probable the dogs were to be fed there; however, Tagrag explained this matter to us, and very kindly promised to sell me a horse, a delightful animal of his own; which, being desperately pressed for money, he would let me have for a hundred guineas, he himself having given a hundred and fifty for it.

Well, the Thursday came; the hounds met on Squashtail Common; Mrs. C. turned out in her barouche to see us throw off; and, being helped up on my chesnut horse, Trumpeter, by Tagrag and my head groom, I came presently round to join them.

Tag mounted his own horse; and, as we walked down the avenue, "I thought," he said, "you told me you knew how to ride; and that you had ridden once fifty miles on a stretch!"

"And so I did," says I, "to Cambridge, and on the box, too."

"*On the box?*" says he; "but did you ever mount a horse before?"

"Never," says I, "but I find it mighty easy."

"Well," says he, "you're mighty bold for a barber: and I like you, Coxe, for your spirit;" and so we came out of the gate.

As for describing the hunt, I own fairly, I can't. I've been at a hunt, but what a hunt is—why the horses *will* go among the dogs and ride them down—why the men cry out "yooooic"—why the dogs go snuffing about in threes and fours, and the huntsman says, "Good Towler—good Betsey;" and we all of us, after him, say, "Good Towler—good Betsey" in course: then, after hearing a yelp here, and a howl there, tow, row, yow, yow, yow! bursts out, all of a sudden, from three or four of them, and the chap in the velvet cap screeches out (with a number of oaths I sha'n't repeat here), "Hark, to Ringwood!" and then, "There he goes!" says some one; and, all of a sudden, helter skelter, skurry hurry, slap bang, whooping, screeching, and hurraing, blue coats and red coats, bays and greys, horses, dogs, donkeys, butchers, baroknights, dustmen, and blackguard boys, go tearing, all together, over the common, after two or three of the pack that yowl loudest. Why all this is, I can't say, but it all took place the second Thursday of March, in my presence.

Up to this, I'd kept my seat as well as the best, for we'd only been trotting gently about the field until the dogs found; and I managed to stick on very well; but directly the tow-rowing began, off went Trumpeter like a thunderbolt, and I found myself playing among the dogs like the donkey among the chickens. "Back, Mr. Coxe," holloas the huntsman; and so I pulled very hard, and cried Wo! but he wouldn't: and on I went galloping for the dear life. How I kept on is a wonder; but I squeezed my knees in very tight, and shoved my feet very hard into the stirrups, and kept stiff hold of the scruff of Trumpeter's neck, and looked betwixt his ears as well as ever I could, and trusted to luck, for I was in a mortal fright, sure enough, as many a better man would be in such a case, let alone a poor hair-dresser.

As for the hounds, after my first riding in among them, I tell you, honestly, I never saw so much as the tip of one of their tails; nothing in this world did I see except Trumpeter's dun-colored mane, and that I gripped firm: riding, by the blessing of luck, safe through the walking, the trotting, and the galloping, and never so much as getting a tumble.

There was a chap at Croydon, very well known as the "Spicy Dustman," who, when he could get no horse to ride to the hounds, turned regularly out on his donkey; and, on this occasion, made one of us. He generally managed to keep up with the dogs, by trotting quietly through the cross-roads, and knowing the country well. Well, having a good guess where the hounds would find, and the line that sly Reynolds (as they call the fox) would take, the Spicy Dustman turned his animal down the lane, from Squashtail to Cutshins Common, across which, sure enough, came the whole hunt. There's a small hedge and a remarkably fine ditch here: some of the leading chaps took both, in gallant style; others went round by a gate, and so would I, only I couldn't; for Trumpeter would have the hedge, and be hanged to him, and went right for it.

Hoop! if ever you *did* try a leap! Out go your legs, out fling your arms, off goes your hat; and the next thing you feel, that is, *I* did, is a most tremendous thwack across the chest, and my feet jerked out of the stirrups; me left in the branches of a tree; Trumpeter gone clean from under me, and walloping and floundering in the ditch underneath. One of the stirrup-leathers had caught in a stake, and the horse couldn't get away; and neither of us, I thought, ever *would* have got away; but, all of a sudden, who should come up the lane but the Spicy Dustman!

"Holloa!" says I, "you gent, just let us down from this here tree!"

"Lor!" says he, "I'm blest if I didn't take you for a robin"

"Let's down," says I; but he was all the time employed in disengaging Trumpeter, whom he got out of the ditch, trembling and as quiet as possible. "Let's down," says I. "Presently," says he; and taking off his coat, he begins whistling and swishing down Trumpeter's sides and saddle; and, when he had finished, what do you think the rascal did?—he just quietly mounted on Trumpeter's back, and shouts out, "Git down yourself, old Bearsgrease; you've only to drop! *I'll* give your oss a hairing arter them 'ounds; and you, vy you may ride back my pony to Tuggeridgeweal!" And with this, I'm blest if he didn't ride away, leaving me holding, as for the dear life, and expecting every minute, the branch would break.

It *did* break too, and down I came into the slush; and, when I got out of it, I can tell you I didn't look much like the Venuses or the Apollor Belvidearis what I used to dress and titivate up for my shop window, when I was in the hair-dressing line, or smell quite so elegant as our rose-oil. Faugh! what a figure I was! Look on the other side and you will see.

I had nothing for it but to mount the dustsman's donkey (which was very quietly cropping grass in the hedge), and to make my way home; and, after a weary, weary journey, I arrived at my own gate.

A whole party was assembled there. Tagrag, who had come back: their Excellencies Mace and Punter, who were on a visit; and a number of horses walking up and down before the whole of the gentlemen of the hunt, who had come in after losing their fox! "Here's 'Squire Coxe!" shouted the grooms. Out rushed the servants, out poured the gents of the hunt, and on trotted poor me, digging into the donkey, and every body dying with laughter at me.

Just as I got up to the door, a horse came galloping up, and passed me; a man jumped down, and, taking off a fantail hat, came up, very gravely, to help me down.

"'Squire," says he, "how came you by that there hanimal? Jist git down, will you, and give it to its howner"

"Rascal!" says I, "didn't you ride off on my horse!"

"Was there ever sich ingratitude!" says the Spicy, "I found this year oss in a pond, I saves him from drowning, I brings him back to his master, and he calls me a rascal!"

The grooms, the gents, the ladies in the balcony, my own servants, all set up a roar at this; and so would I, only I was so deucedly ashamed, as not to be able to laugh just then.

And so my first day's hunting ended. Tagrag and the rest declared I showed great pluck, and wanted me to try again; but "no," says I, "I *have* been."

Sporting Intelligence Extra!

ALEXANDRIA (La.) SPRING RACES

Commenced over the *Rapides Course*, on the 22d ult. Our special correspondent furnishes the annexed report:—

President, Col. Thos. Hooper; Vice President, J. D. Spurlock, Esq.; Secretary, H. M. Hyams, Esq.; Timers, Wm. N. Wilson and Thos. Eubank Leefe, Esqs.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 22, 1840—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $50, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds, 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards. 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch f. *Curculia*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	1
Jos. P. Williamson's ch. c. *Mango*, by Lance, out of Weaver Girl, 4 yrs	2	dr
Hugh Carlin's b. h. *Geo. Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Laurance, 5 yrs	3	dr
F. Henderson's b. f. *Jane Travers* by Granby, dam unknown, 3 yrs	4	dr
Jos. J. Scott's ch. f. *Cordelia*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 2 yrs	5	dr

Time, 4:12.

THURSDAY, Jan. 23—Jockey Club Purse $600, ent. $60, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. m. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 5 yrs	1
J. G. Young's b. c. *Glaucus*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 6:16.

FRIDAY, Jan. 24—Creole Purse $600, ent. $50, conditions as before; Mile heats.

F. Henderson's ch. c. *Zemma*, by Ulysses, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	4	1	1
Josias Chambers' ch. h. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	2	3
Wm. C. C. Martin's ch. f. *Nancy*, by Flag, dam by Mons. Tonson, 2 yrs	2	3	2
J. M. Wells' ch. c. *Dan Faulk*, by Granby, dam by Richard, 2 yrs	3	dist.	
J. G. Young's ch. c. *Quartica*, by Ulysses, dam by Timoleon, 2 yrs	5	dr.	

Time, 2:00—2:00—2:02.

SATURDAY, Jan. 25—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $25, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John F. Miller's ch. f. *Curculia*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3	2	1	1	1
Jos. P. Williams' b. c. *Mango*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	5	4	5	dist.
Jos. J. Scott's ch. c. *Governor Poindexter*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	5	3	2	2	r.o.
F. Henderson's ch. c. *Zemma*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	4	3	3	r.o.
J. G. Young's b. c. *Glaucus*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	6	6	5	4	r.o.
Thos. J. Well's gr. f. *Jane Splane*.* by Imp. Autocrat, d. by Mercury, 2 y	4	1	6	dist.	

Time, 1:57—1:54—1:57—1:56.

* Jane Splane threw her rider in the 4th heat, and was consequently declared distanced.

PINEVILLE (S. C.) RACES.

We are indebted to an esteemed friend for the annexed report of this meeting. He writes that the races commenced on the 28th January with great prospect of sport, there being ten stables in attendance, viz., Maj. McRa's, with five; Col. Singleton's, with four; Col. Richardson & Sinkler's, four; Col. Flud, four; Col. Spann, with three; Mr. Richardson, two; Dr. Ravanel, two; Dr. Darby, two; Mr. Stoney, two, and Col. Colclough, with five or six.

TUESDAY, Jan. 28, 1840—Plate race for a Silver Pitcher, free all ages, 3 yrs. 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. R. Singleton's Imp. b. f. *Helen*, by Priam, out of Malibran, 3 yrs	1	1
Col. J. R. Spann's ch. f. *Lady Canebrake*, by Godolphin, out of Miss Medway, 4 yrs.	6	2
Maj. Wm. Sinkler's b. c. *John Duncan*, by Mucklejohn, out of Coquette, 3 yrs	4	3
Col. A. Flud's b. c. *Selim*, by Imp. Nonplus, out of Young Nancy Air, 3 yrs	3	4
M. Richardson's ch. c. *Glaucus*, by Mucklejohn, out of Desdemona, 3 yrs	7	5
Maj. P. McRa's ch. m. *Ellen Percy*, by Godolphin, dam by Financier, 5 yrs	2	dr
Mr. Stoney's Imp. b f.* by Josline or Battledore, out of Marigold, 3 yrs	5	dr
Dr. Ravanel's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Turk, 4 yrs	dist.	
Dr Darby's ch. f. by Argyle, out of Amanda, 3 yrs	dist.	

Time, 3:50—3:50. * Carried 8lbs. over weight.

1st heat.—Ellen Percey went off with the track, Helen running nearly locked with her until within a hundred or two yards from home, when Selim came up and made an effort for the heat, but the two mares were too much for him; here Helen went ahead of Ellen, and beat her by half a length.

2d heat.—Selim went off with the lead, Helen running locked with him for nearly a mile and a half, when she succeeded in taking the track: here Canebrake came up and passed Selim, and then Helen; the latter did her best to regain her place, running nearly locked with her competitor until within the poles, when she succeded in coming in front by her saddle-skirts. John Duncan made an effort down the straight run, and came out a good third.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 29—Purse $——, conditions as for the Plate race; Three mile heats.

Col. Singleton's ch. h. *Luzborow*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena, 5 yrs.	3	1	1
Mr. Sinkler's ch. f. *Lady Cava*, by Bertrand, out of Betsey Echols, 3 yrs	2	2	2
Col. Flud's ch. f. *Hermione*, by Imp. Nonplus, out of Leocadia, 3 yrs	1	bolt.	
Col. Spann's br. c. by Mucklejohn, out of Lapucelle, 3 yrs	4	bolt.	

Time, 6:01—5:53—6:04.

1st heat.—Hermione took the lead, and ran away from the others nearly one hundred yards in the first half mile, when her rider took a pull upon her, and went at a more moderate pace, but still too fast to allow Lady Cava to reach her, who made an effort for the heat. Hermione came in first, handily, the Luzborough colt and Col. Spann's colt dropping within the distance.

2d heat.—Hermione cooled off finely, to the surprise of all who were aware of her condition, which was too high. She went off with the lead, Cava and the Luzborough doing all they could to overhaul her; but she maintained her position for a mile and a quarter, looking very like a winner, when she bolted (this was what her owner feared, she having a day or two before, in exercise, quit the track at the same place, from a fright, the track being entirely open). Before going another mile the Luzborough colt took the track, and maintained it throughout, Cava contesting every foot of the ground. On the commencement of the third mile, near the same place that Hermione bolted, Col. Spann's colt quitted the track, and flung his rider, the Luzborough winning the heat by two or three lengths.

3d heat.—The Luzborough took the lead and maintained it throughout, Cava running a game race to reach him; he beat her by three or four lengths.

THURSDAY, Jan. 29—Purse $——, conditions as before; Mile heats.

Maj. McRa's ch. m. *Ellen Percy*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1	1
Mr. Sinkler's b. c. *John Duncan*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	2
Col. Flud's b. c. *Selim*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	3
Dr. Ravanel's ch. f., pedigree above, 4 yrs	dist.	
Mr. Stoney's gr. f. by Imp. Nonplus, dam by Crusader, 2 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:51.

In both heats Ellen took the lead, and was never headed. Six of the stables here will, in a few days, start for Charleston, at which place there will be a great number of horses, all the stables about the race track being already engaged.

MEMPHIS (Tenn.) RACES

Came off over the *Glencoe Course* in Dec. last, but we are yet without a complete report. In order that the meeting may not be altogether omitted in the Racing Calendar, we compile the best report that our limited information allows:—

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11, 1839—Purse $250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

M. D. Simmons' ch. c. *Devil Jack*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	1	1
L. Coch's b. f. *Adelaide*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 3 yrs	*	*
A. J. Donelson's *Burnt Nose*	*	*
E. Sparks' br. c. *Preston*, by Telegraph, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs	*	*

Time not given. * Placing unknown.

THURSDAY, Dec. 12—Purse $400, conditions as before; Three mile heats.

J. G. Shegog's ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger, 3 y	1	1
E. Sparks' br. c. *Preston*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time not given.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13—Purse $700, conditions as before; Four mile heats.

The following were the entries:—

Jernigan & Donelson's c. *Matchem*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Jackson, 3 yrs.
E. Sparks' b. f. *Medora Winston*, by Imp. Telegraph, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.
J. G. Shegog's b. c. *Goneaway*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

The kindness of a Baltimore correspondent, from whom we should be pleased to hear frequently, enables us to give the following report of a Pigeon Match at Harrisburg, Pa., communicated to him by a friend in attendance:—

Harrisburg, Feb. 5, 1840.

"Annexed I give you a statement of the shooting for the purse of $200, of which $50 went to the second best. The pigeons were let loose by a spring from the trap, and to be a shot, must fall within 100 yards from the trap. It came off on Tuesday last (28th January) at Harrisburg.

Shots	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	killed.
1. J. B. Thompson, of Baltimore	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	6.
2. David Cramer, of Hager's Town, Md.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10.
3. Chas. Cooper, of Harrisburg, Pa.	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	6.
4. James G. Storm, of Baltimore	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	6.
5 John Berryhill, of Harrisburg	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	6.
6. Alex. Slaysman, of Baltimore	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10.
7. Elisha Binnix, of Baltimore	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	8.
Total killed											52.

Slaysman and Cramer shot off—

A. Slaysman	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	7.
D. Cramer	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	8.

Cramer received the first prize, and Slaysman the second.

After which a match for $250 a side, between A. Slaysman and A. G. Wells, (of Camden, N. J.,) at 15 pigeons each (according to the rules of the Govan's Town Pigeon Shooting Club). Shooting as follows:—

Slaysman	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 15.
Wells	1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 12.

Another match came off on the 6th inst., at five pigeons each, two on a side, for $50 a side. Shooting as follows:—

A Slaysman, of Baltimore	1 1 1 1 1	5.
Jos. B. Thompson, of Baltimore	1 0 1 1 1	4—9
A. G. Wells, of Camden, N. J.,	1 1 1 0 0	3.
J. Stone " "	1 1 1 1 1	5—8

The party from Philadelphia are pretty well satisfied now. Slaysman has killed the last twenty-six birds that he has shot at.

CURLING MATCH.

The annual curling match between the players of Scarboro' and the Toronto Curling Club, was played on the 15th inst., on the ice between the wharves belonging to Jas. Browne, Esq.,—16 players aside, on two rinks; or eight Scarboro' players and eight Toronto players on each rink—one stone each. The match was for 62 shots on the two rinks collectively; or should neither party count that number at half-past four o'clock, then the party having the greatest number at that hour were to be the winners. The result, as has generally been the case on former years, was favorable to Scarboro'. The following statement, kept during the game, and certified by one player of each side, on both rinks, at the end of every head, will show the equal details of the match:—

Rink No. 1.

	Heads.	Single.	Double.	Treble.	Quad.	Total. Shots.
Scarboro' gained	16	7	8	1	0	26
Toronto	10	5	5	0	0	12
Total	26	12	13	1	0	41

Rink No. 2.

	Heads.	Single.	Double.	Treble.	Quad.	Total. Shots.
Scarboro' gained	8	4	2	0	2	16
Toronto	14	8	5	0	1	22
Undecided or drawn	1					
Total	23	12	7	0	3	38

Scarboro' winning on Rink No. 1,....11 shots.
Toronto " " 2,.... 6 "
Scarboro' " on the whole.....5 "

The players were opposed to each other in the following order:—

Rink No. 1.

Scarboro'		Toronto.
1. Robt. Reid	1.	Alex. Badenach.
2. Thos Brown	2.	John Thompson.
3. John Laurie	3.	S. B. Campbell.
4. Jas. Findlay	4.	T. Dick.
5. A. Glendenning	5.	Geo. Denholm.
6. A. Fleming	6.	A. Morrison.
7. "	7.	"
8. John Torrance	8.	John Struthers.

Rink No. 2.

Scarboro'		Toronto.
1. Wm. Purdy	1.	T. Ewart
2. Jas. Gibson, jr.	2.	Robt. M'Clure
3. John Stobo	3.	John Leys
4. Jas. Gibson, jr.	4.	J. W. Brent
5. W. Millar	5.	J. M. Murchison
6. W. Findlay	6.	G. P. Dickson
7. James Gibson	7.	A. Rowan
8. R. Scott	8.	James Bicket.

It is intended to have another trial of skill on the 5th February, with twenty-four players a side.

Toronto British Colonist.

The following is the reply to the challenge published in our last, from "Bell's Life in London" of the 22d Dec.

Trotting Challenge.—*To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*—Sir—I observed a paragraph in your highly interesting journal of the last Sunday, from a Glasgow correspondent, making some remarks about the 10 mile match between Bob Logic and the Glasgow mare that took place on the Turnpike-road the morning after the great match on the Aintree Course. I beg to inform the North country gents I will trot the Glasgow mare one, two, or three miles, for five hundred pounds in harness, which from what I was given to understand when at Liverpool is her forte, but to make things pleasant she may either go in saddle or harness, that is, they may make their own choice. I will drive in harness, and from the gentlemanly manner and good feeling they displayed at Liverpool, I can have no objection to meeting them on the other side of the Tweed to give them a chance of regaining their lost laurels at Liverpool, providing they will give me thirty pounds towards my expences in going to Scotland to trot, or if they come to London, I will give them fifty pounds towards theirs. Any communication through your journal, should my challenge be accepted, will meet with immediate attention on my part, for the purpose of drawing up articles, making a deposit, &c. &c., and the amount to be placed in your hands as stakeholder.

Yours obliged,
One who has Confidence in his horse.

The Boa Constrictor.—Major Bevan, in his "Thirty years in India, relates the following account of the destruction of a boa constrictor,—"On his return from Bombay, Lieutenant C—— had had a still more singular adventure near the same place. He entered the jungle in search of game, preceded by a favourite powerful dog that had courage to seize anything The dog ran a little ahead, and suddenly made a noise as if choking. 'Run, master, a cheeta has caught your dog,' said the native. Lieutenant C—— advanced cautiously, and saw a large heap, just the colour of a royal tiger, black and orange In a few seconds he beheld the head and neck of an enormous boa constrictor slowly uncoiling itself and gliding towards him. He waited till half of the snake was out of the coil or lump, and then fired both barrels.—One ball entered immediately behind the eye, the other about four inches from the head. The whole coil instantly fell, and revealed the poor dog crushed to death within the folds. In the meantime all Lieutenant C——'s followers had fled, and he was forced to go to a village for assistance. Having with some difficulty mustered a little band, he returned, and brought out the snake, the dog, and a spotted deer that the snake had killed, the scent of which had probably tempted the unfortunate dog. The carcase of the deer was so bruised, that even the lowest caste in the village refused to touch it, declaring it was full of zakar, or venom, of the ashgur, as they called the snake. The boa was twenty-three feet eight inches long, and about six feet in circumference.—There was a large cake of fat all the way inside from the head to the tail, and of this the natives showed great anxiety to obtain possession, declaring that it was an infallible cure for all diseases. The body was hung up on the banyan-tree opposite the choultry, or inn, of the village. People flocked from all parts of the village to see the reptile, and many of the natives used to try whether it was possible to cut through the monster with the blow of a sword; but even after it was skinned no person was found who could penetrate more than half way at a single stroke."

THE LETTER BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

THE JOURNAL OF AN ACTRESS.

Dear Laura—Instead of writing you a letter, I send you the leaves of my Atlantic Journal.

22d March.—Every actress that visits America plays her part in a Journal: why shouldn't poor little me? How I loathe that word actress! it is heartless, made up, artificial, imitative, a thing without a soul; but such is life. We call a fool a natural, the more fools we for doing so. My Journal shall at least be mine own—not the utterance of the thoughts of others.

Bonneted—band-boxed—packed up—and packed off. Steamed down the river (what an unpoetical word is that steam!) in a small crazy craft, to where our most (read spacious for gracious) queen of the seas, the Great Western, lay to receive us. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery on the river. Prodigious walls of carboniferous lime-rock (what a beautiful Bridgewater treatise word that carboniferous is! how Greenough and Buckland and geological-like it sounds! had it been manufactured at Birmingham it would have been carbony,) rise in precipitous boldness and majestic grandeur, to a height of three hundred feet above the water mark; after which, the country, gradually laying aside its armor, and emerging from its battlements, assumes the more pleasing and gentle forms of sloping hills, verdant glades, and arable field. 'Tis the estate surrounding the Keep, the watch-tower, and the castle; the warrior within—the peasant and the shepherd without.

At one point we passed the site of the intended aerial bridge, a bold conception—too bold and too grand ever to have sprung from the muddy heads of the Cranes and Bitterns of Bristol. A rope waved gracefully across the yawning chasm, so slender and so small as to resemble the silken thread of the spider, who is the first and best of Nature's architects and bridge builders. It was almost an ideal line, it was so tiny. It would have passed for a mathematical one if it had been straight, it was so imaginary; but slight as it was, it afforded a secure support for a basket containing two passengers, who were thus conveyed with the rapidity of birds from one of the precipitous banks to the other. It was Ariel and his companion descending on a sunbeam. It was a pretty idea, and I could'nt help saying so, when an American observed—I once hailed a steamboat on the Mississippi, and asked the usual question—"Where are you from?" to which the skipper replied—"From Heaven." "How did you come from there!" "I greased the seat of my trowsers and slid down on a rainbow." "What a barbarian!" I cried with vexation—it dashed away at one rude blow all the creations of my fancy. How I hate those Republicans, they are so gross, so unimaginative, so barbarous! If a ray of light, a spark of divinity ever penetrates their cavernous minds, it is like applying the lamp to the fire-damps of the subterraneous excavations, it explodes and destroys both. Still my attention was riveted, (I fear that word is shoppy,—I think it is blunting the end of a nail after it is driven in, to prevent its extraction—I like etymology, and will ask my brother to-morrow: if it is so, I "transport him for life,") my attention was attracted, I should rather say, by the sudden stoppage of this little mimic balloon in midway, when a cheer was given from this winged chariot of the sky, and a musket was discharged, the quick, sharp report of which was echoed and reverberated for some minutes among the rocks and caverns of this stupendous gorge. When the last sounds faded on our ears, a deafening cheer was returned from our steamer with hearty good will, and we passed on. How animating is this cheer, so different from the vile clapping of hands of the odious theatre! oh that my ears may never again be profaned by that gas light, heartless, unmeaning welcome!....Came on board....a crowd—a mob—how I hate them—descended into the—what!—Gracious Heavens, into the saloon!—must we carry with us the very phraseology of the house!—Shall Drury persecute me here!—Shall the vision of the theatre be always present! oh spare me. I see the spectres of the real saloon of that vile house rise up before me—the gentlemen blackguards—the lady courtezans. I rushed into my cabin, coffeed, wined, and went to bed sobbing.

23d. Bedded all day....that word saloon has haunted me ever since.... rose in the evening—petticoated, shawled, gloved, and went and took a last look on dear old England, the land of "the brave and free"—oh that word last—the last look, last sigh, last farewell, how it sinks into the heart, how it speaks of death, of disembodied spirits—of the yawning grave. It lets down the strings; it untunes the mind: I was mourning over it to my brother, I was comparing notes with him, getting at his sensations on that dreadful word, last; when that odious American broke in, unasked, with his "sentiment"—"Yes, female," said he, beast that he is, why did he not say "she one" at once! It is more animal like, more beautified even than his expression—"Yes, female, I say damn the last too, as the shoemaker did when he tried to straighten himself up, after having worked upon it all day." I thought of dear Lord B., how he would have expired, exhaled, evaporated at such an illustration, and then I sighed that I had seen him, too, for the last time.

24th. Furious gale—the spirit of the great deep is unchained, and is raging in furious strides over the world of waters. The mountains rise up to impede him, and the vallies yawn at his feet to receive him. The ocean heaves beneath his footsteps, and the clouds fly in terror from his presence, the lightning gleams with demoniac flashes to illumine his terrific visage, and the thunder is the intonation of his voice. Sheeted, blanketed, and quilted, I remain enveloped in the drapery of my bed, my thoughts looking back into the past, and timidly adventuring to peep into the future, for some green spot (oh that dreadful theatre, I had nearly written Green Room) to pitch its tent upon, to stretch itself out by the cool fountain and—luxuriate.

25th. The tempest is past, but we heave, and pitch, and roll like a drunken thing, groaning, straining, creaking. The paroxysm is past, but the palpitations have not subsided; the fit is over, but the muscular contractions still continue. It is the heaving chest, the convulsive breath, the pulsations that remain after the storm of the passions have passed away.

26th. Rose, toileted, and went on deck: what a lovely sight! The sea lay like a mirror, reflecting the heavens on its smooth and polished surface. Light clouds far away in the horizon look like the snow-capt summits of the everlasting hills, placed there to confine this sea of molten glass within its own dominion, while distant vessels with their spiral masts and silvery drapery rise from its surface, like spirits of the deep, come to look upon and woo the gentle Zephyrs. Sea-nymphs spreading their wings and disporting on their liquid meadows after their recent terror and affright. They seem like ideal beings—thoughts traversing the mind—shadows or rather bright lights—emanations perhaps, rather than self-existence—immaterialities—essences—spirits in the moonlight. Wrote journal—mended a pair of silk stockings, hemmed a pocket handkerchief, night-capped, and went to bed—to dream—to idealize—to build aerial castles, to get the hysterics, and to sleep.

27th. Altered my petticoats, added two inches for Boston puritans and Philadelphia quakers, took off two for the fashionables of New York, three for Baltimore, and made kilts of them for New Orleans. Asked Seward for books: he brought me "the life of corporal Jabish Fish, a hero of the American revolution, in five volumes," put it in my journal, a good story for Lord W——, who *is* a hero—chattered—sung and germanized with General T—— (not conversed, for no American converses, he proses, sermonises or pamphleteers). Toddy'd, poor dear Sir A—— taught me that, and I wish he were here to "brew" for me now, as he used to call it. There certainly is inspiration in whiskey, and when temperance opened the door, poetry took flight, and winged its way to heaven. It is no longer an inhabitant of earth—ah me, we shall hold high converse with angel spirits no more. It is all Brummagem now—all cheap and dirty like its coaches—Bah!

28th. General T—— says he is glad I did not marry before I left England, for Vestris doing so was taken as a quiz on the starched Yankees.—Mem, won't marry on board, and if I take a republican may the devil take me without salt, as the Marquis of W—— says—I wish I were a man, an Englishman though, for men choose, women are chosen—to select is better than to be selected, which is bazaar-like. What's the price of that pretty bauble?—Ah, I like it, send it home, play with it, get tired, throw it aside, no harm in that, to be scorned is nothing, it is pleasant to scorn back again, but to be supplanted, ah, there is the rub. I have a head-ache; the billow for my pillow, I will be a child again and be rocked to sleep.

29th. A shout on deck, all hands rushed up, what a strange perversion of terms is this. It is a waterspout: how awful! The thirsty cloud stooping to invigorate itself with a draught of the sea; opening its huge mouth and drinking, yet not even deigning to wait for it, but gulping it as it goes—we fire into it and it vanishes, its watery load is returned, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, it leaves no wreck behind."—It is one of "the wonders of the great deep." That rude shock has dispelled it. Thus is it in life. The sensitive mind releases its grasp of the ideal when it comes in contact with grossness. It shrinks within itself. It retreats in terror. Yet what a wonderful sight it is! how nearly were we engulphed, swallowed up, and carried into the sky to be broken to pieces in our fall, as the sea-mew feeds on the shell-fish by dashing it to pieces on a rock. Oh that vile American! he too has imitated the scene: he has broken my train of thought by his literal and grovelling remark. "Well I vow, female, what an everlastin' noise it lets off its water with!" I wonder if they hiss in America: surely not, for if they did such fellows as this would learn better manners—wrote journal—frenchified my frock to please the New Yorkers—unbooted—unstay'd, and snuggled up like a kitten in bed.

30th. Sat on the deck, sad and musing. Dropt some pieces of paper overboard—wondered whither they went. Will they wander many days on the water, and then sink? Thought of my journal; it would be like them, a little scrap on the great sea of literature, floating its brief day, and then, alas! sinking to rise no more. Saturated, its light pages will float no longer, but be consigned, like them, to an early grave; but I have had my day, which is more than every "female," as the Americans call us, has had; and who knows but my book may be as well received?—Bah! how I loathe that theatrical expression! as popular—that, too, smells of the shop; ah! I have it—as much the ton—howsoever.

31st. Pottered on deck all day with General T. and my brother. The former talked of the prairies, till I dreamed all night of the fat bulls of Bashan, and the buffaloes of the plain.

1st April. General T. advises me not to take my servant to the table, as it is said Mrs. Mathews did at Saratoga; for so far from these republicans liking equality, they are the most aristocratic people in the world. What a puzzle is man! Poor dear Lord Czar, with all his radical notions, is the proudest "of his order" of any peer of the realm. Indeed, pride is the root of all democracy. Show me a tory, and I will show you a rational lover of freedom; show me a radical, and I will show you a tyrant. If the Americans boast so much of their equality as to exclude from their vocabulary the word "servant," and substitute that of "help," why should they object to those "helps" helping them to eat their dinners? It passes the understanding of poor little me—how I wish some one would explain all things to me!

2d. My brother was so-so to-day after dinner; but wine makes him brilliant and witty—and why should I be ashamed to note it? It was the sons, and not the sisters of Noah (merry old soul) that walked backwards and covered him, when he was too oblivious with the juice of the grape to recollect such vulgar things as clothes.—Read, Italianed—stitched a new chemisette.

3d. How this glorious steamer wallops, and gallops, and flounders along! she goes it like mad. Its motion is unlike that of any living thing I know; puffing like a porpoise, breasting the waves like a sea-horse, and at times skimming the surface like a bird. It possesses the joint powers of the tenants of the air, land, and water, and is superior to them all. All night we had a glorious, splendid, silvery moon. The stars were bright, though feeble, hiding their diminished heads before their queen, enthroned in all her majesty. What an assemblage of heavenly hosts!—how grand—how sublime! It is a chaste beauty is the moon, beautiful, but cold; inspiring respect, admiration, and so on, but not love—not breathing of passion. It is a melancholy feeling that it raises in the beholder; like a pale Grecian face, that calls up emotions of tenderness, but no ardor: and excites interest, but not transport. Which is the best, the inflammatory sun, or the chilly moon?—midway, perhaps, "in medio tutissimus ibis," as dear Lord B. used to say, whenever he threaded my needle for me. I will potter with General T. about it. He looks moon-struck, himself. Tead, suppered, champagned, tidied myself for bed, and I fear, snored.

4th. How I hate the saloon! I will join the Yankees, and spit upon it—How vulgar are all these gaudy decorations of a steamer! Why should we pander to the bad taste of a mob for filthy lucre—why not lead instead of following—dictate, instead of submitting? Are we, too, become democratic; and must the voice of the majority rule. Oh for an hour of that dear little villa of Lord B.'s! what taste, what fitness of things to purposes, what refinement, what delicacy—oh, for a snuff of its classic air—for half a yard of its Parnassian sky! How he would be annihilated by a voyage in this boat—howsoever.

5th. A dies non, as the new Judge used to call it when non se ipse.

6th and 7th. Ditto, as the shop-keepers say.

8th and 9th. The same as yesterday, as the doctors say.

10th and 11th. No better, as the bulletins say.

12th and 13th. As well as can be expected, as the nurses say.

14. I was asked to-day if ever I had been in love—I know not—what is Love? The attraction of two ethereal spirits—sympathy—but these spirits are only seen through mortal coil. The worm feeds and battens where love has revelled. Can we love what corruption claims as its own? Do we not mistake natural impulses for this divine feeling? What a pity Love clogs his wings with sweets, becomes sated—tired—soured. Platonic love is nearer perfection—it has more reason and less passion, more sentiment and less grossness. To love is to worship—with my body I thee worship—but that is not love, it is desire—with my soul I thee worship—but that is idolatry. If we worship with neither body nor soul, what is love? Lips! can it reside in them? the breath may be bad—the teeth unsound—the skin erysipelatous. Bah! Love a leper? What is Love then? It is a phantom of the mind—an hallucination—an ignis fatuus, Will-of-the-Wisp. Touch it, and it dissolves—embrace it, and a shadow fills your arms—speak, and it vanishes. Alas, Love is not! Howsoever—went to bed—wept for vexation like a child, and when wearied with sobbing, slept.

15th. Land ahead—a strange land too—yes, though they speak English, a foreign land—the domain of the rebellious Son who mutinied and fought his parent. Can, I ask myself, can a blessing attend such an unnatural attempt—nous verrons. The pilot is on board: what are the first questions? the price of cotton and tobacco. They are traders—are the Yankees; and I hate trade, its contracted notions and petty details. I think I see Lord B. turn in scorn from the colloquy, his fine aristocratic face expressive of intellectual contempt at such sordid calculations. Would that he were here, that we might retire to the cabin and have a reading of Shakspeare together, drink at the inspired fount, and philosophise on men and things; but alas, he is gone where all must go! and I have gone where none would wish to go! Poor little me! Thus endeth the last day of the steamer. Yours always, Mary Cooke.

LETTER FROM CATO MIGNIONETTE (THE COLORED STEWARD) TO MR. LAVENDER.

My dear Labender,—Since I ab de pleasure to see you on board de Lady Jackson liner, I leave de line myself, and now is on bord de Great Western steamboat, ob which I ab de command. You ab seen Fourth-July-day, Mr. Labender; well, dat not noting to it needar; and you ab see de great fire; well, de crowd dere not fit to hold a candle to it. Oh! you neber! but I tell you more by and by.

We hab one hunder and ten passenger, big and leetle, and some damn big ones dere is too, which is more dan one steward can provide for ginteelly; and servants do gib me werry great trouble, so dey do. First I hab all English; well, de English werry stupid, werry sarcy, and lazy as de debil: you can't beat noting into dere dam tick heads, and dey is too eavy-heeled for servants; so I jist discharge em all: I would'nt ab dem if dey work for noting, de great good for noting lubbers; and I ire colored people in dere plaice. Dey werry much more better den de trash ob whites; but still dey no please me, for I neber like to see de grass grow under de feet ob de waiters, and dere is too many for me to look arter all alone myself.

De Captain he man-o'-war buccra, and dey is all cussed stiff, and most too big men for dere breeches; and when he walky de deck, he only see de stars and de sun; he no see de ship and de passenger, but leab all to me, which give me an everlastin sight ob trouble. He ought to come and help me at de bar hissef, so he had ought; but he too proud for dat, and so is all dem what has de swab on de shoulder,—and proper hard bargain de queen hab of some of dem too, I tell you, Mr. Labender. By Golly! but I most wore out, and dat is de truth. Steward here, and steward dere, and steward ebery where! Well, I say, 'coming, sar!' but I takes care neber to come to none at all, and when dey is tired ob calling dey come ob demselves to me, and find out to de last it would be ebery bit as good for em to hab com at first and sabe dere wind to cool dere soup wid. But I makes sception ob de Ladies, de dear critturs: I do lub em, and likes to tend on em, dey is so helpless, poor tings. But one ting I must say, and dat is, de white ladies do lub werry stiff grog, werry stiff, indeed, Mr. Labender: you ab no notion ob it, no more den a child. 'Steward, a leetle weak, werry leetle weak brandy and water; but mind and let him be werry weak.' Yes marm, I say, and away I goes to mix it. Poor leetle tings, I knows werry well what weak means; it means half and half, jist as I likes him mysef. Well, when I takes it to de lady, she makes a face like de cabbage-leaf, all puckery, puckery, wrinkely, wrinkely: and arter eber so leetle ob a swig at it, she gibs him back agin to me: 'Oh! steward!' she say, 'how could yaw! dat is too trong; put in a leetle drop more water, dat is a good steward.' Well, I knows what dat means, too; so I goes back and puts in one glass brandy more, and two lumps ob de sugar more, and stir him up well wid de spoon, and gib him a leetle nutmeg for de flavor: try dat, marm, I say; see how you like him; I most fear he too weak now. 'No, steward,' she say, and she smile werry sweet, de leetle dear; 'dat will do werry well, now; dat jist right, now. Always take care to mix my brandy and water weak, for I isn't used to him trong, and he gets into my head.' Yes, marm, I say: now I knows your gage, I fit you exacaly to a T, marm. De dear leetle critturs, de grog he do warm em hearts, and brighten de eye, and make him werry good natured. I knows dat by mysef; I always feels better for de stiff glass ob grog. Poor leetle tings, but dey do like him werry stiff, werry stiff, indeed; it is actilly astonishin how stiff dey do takes him.

As to de men passengers, I always let him shift for demselves, for dere isn't werry few ob dem is real superfine gentlemen, but jist refidge a leetle warnished ober de surface, like all pretence. Dey all make him believe dat dey know wine; when, dam em, dere isn't hardly none ob em know him by name even. One buccra says, 'Steward, I can't drink dis wine; it is werry poor stuff. What de debil do you mean by gibbin me sich trash as dis? he no fit to drink at all: change him direcaly, and gib me some dat is fit for a gentleman.' Well, I takes up de wine, and looks at him werry knowin, and den whisper in his ear, not to speak so loud, lest ebery body hear; and I put de finger on my nose, and nods; and I goes and brings him anoder bottle ob de werry identical same wine, and he taste him, smack his lip, and say, 'Ah! dat is de wine, steward! Always bring me dat wine, and I remember you when I leab de ship.' Hush! I say, massa; not so loud, sir, if you please, for dere is only a werry few bottles ob dat are wine, and I keep him for you; for I sees you knows the good wine when you sees him, which is more nor most gentlemen does. Dey is cussed stupid is, dem whites, and werry conceited, too, Mr. Labender; but dere is noting like lettin him hab his own way.

We hab got too many masters, here, Mr. Labender, a great deal too many. Now, when I was been in de line packet, sir, and want um pitcher, I go captain, and say, Captain, I want um pitcher, and he say werry well, Mr. Mignionette, (he neber call me steward, like de sarcy, proud man-o'-war buccras do) werry well, Mr. Mignionette, den buy um; and I buys um for one dollar, and charge him one dollar and half—de half dollar for de trouble, and leetle enough it is, too; for crockery he werry brittle—so far, so good. Now when I has occasion, I go captain, and say, I want um pitcher, sir. Werry well, steward, he say, make a report in writing. Den I goes and makes a report for pitcher in writing for de skipper; and skipper he makes anoder report to de great captain in Bristol; and dat captain, he call togeder de great big directors—plaguy rich men they is, too, I tell you, and he read my report to de skipper, and skipper report to him, and dey all make speeches round de table, as they does in congress, and if dey is in good humor it is voted—yes, I ab him. Den captain he send for clerk, and clerk he issue order for pitcher to some dam white feller or anoder, to Bristol, who send me one worth a dollar, and charge um boat two dollar for him. Well, company lose half dollar, I lose half dollar, and all lose a great deal of time. Werry bad derangement dat, sir, werry bad, indeed; for dere is too much cheenery in it to work well. By-and-by dey find out too many cooks spoil de broth, or else I knows noting—dats all.

Please to ab de goodness to make my respects to Miss Labender, and to all de young ladies to home, who, I hopes to have de happiness to see in good health and spirits, when I ab opportunity to wisit dem, which appears werry long indeed since I hab—almost an age. I take de liberty to send a pair of most superfine stockings, of de flesh-color silk, of de newest fashion, for each of de young ladies, which I hope dey will do me de honor to wear in remembrance of me; and now I be, My dear Labender,

Your most obedient help, Cato Mignionette.

LETTER FROM JOHN SKINNER, BUTCHER, TO MARY HYDE.

Dear Mary—You would not believe me when I told you I was off in the Great Western, to see a little of the other side of the world; but it is cum true, for all that, like many a more unlikelier thing has cum afore now; and here I am, half-seas over, as the teetotallers call something else, and may be a little more. I likes it very much indeed, all but being wet all the time; but its the nature of the sea to be wet, and for a new recruit, I stand it nobly, only I can't keep my feet, for I've been floored oftener than any man in the ship.—My heels has a great inclination to rise in the world, showing what the sole of a butcher is; and I shall soon walk as well on my head as my feet. It is lucky you aint here, dear Mary, this sort of work wouldn't suit you; you was always giddy-headed.

The sailors undertook to pass their jokes upon me, when I first came on board, calling me old Skinner, and butcher, and you with the smock-frock and breeches, and so on. It's a way they have with lands-men; but it isn't every lands-man that's green, for all that. They are a set of lubberly, unmannerly rascals as ever I see. Whenever I ask'd one of them to help me, he said it's my turn below, or its my turn on deck, and who was your lackey last year, or does your mother know your out. To day, when I fell on the broad of my back, they began running their rigs as usual, saying, pull down your smock-frock, John Skinner, or you will show your legs, come to me and I'll help you up, and, how does it feel, butcher. Try it, says I, and you'll know; and I knocked two of them down like bullocks. It made them very civil afterwards, calling me sir, and Mr. Skinner. It improved their manners vastly. The steward and me is great friends, and I get my grog in his room.

When I takes down the milk, I gets a glass of brandy; and when I puts my hand on his side to steady me while I drink it, and feel five inches of good clear fat on his ribs, it makes me feel wicked to think, if I had the dressing of him, how beautiful he would cut up. My fingers get on the handle of my knife inwoluntary, like, as if they would long to be into him. He is stall-fed, like a prize ox; his fat is quite wonderful, which is more than I can say of our stock. One of my cows has gone dry, which comes of her being wet all the time, and not having room to lie down in. The salt-water has made corn-beef of her, already. She is of the pole breed, and the crossest, contrariest beast I ever see. She have rubbed off her tail, at last—a rubbin so, the whole time. The other cow is a nice little bullock; but she had a calf too early, so she had; her mouth is as young as a babby's—tho' in another year she will be a good beast enough. The poultry, poor things, are very sickly, and would all die if I didn't kill the weakliest, for the cabin, to save their lives—and, so is the pigs, so much swimming don't agree with them; and when they stagger, and won't eat, I serve them the same way; for it stands to reason, they can't thrive when they gives over eating, that way.

We travels day and night here all at the same pace, up hill and down dale, and this I will say,—the Cornwall hills are fools to some of the seas we see from the ship; but it's here goes—who's afraid—and down we dashes as hard as we can lay legs to it. They carries the light on the top instead of each side of the box, as we do ashore, which makes passing other lines in the night very awkward, for there is no hedge to mark the road, and show you the distance of the drains; but it's like Saulsberry plain in a snow storm, all white as far as you can see, and no mile-stones or lamp-posts; and you can't reign up short, for it takes some time to put the drags on the wheel to bring her to a stand still. How they finds their way in the dark is a puzzle to me, but I suppose they have travelled it so often, they have got it by heart like. I often think if the lynch pin was to cum out, and they to lose a wheel, or the two to cum off, or the axle-tree break, what a pretty mess they'd be in, and yet arter all, as for speed, big as she is, I'd trot her for a treat with master's pony, and not be a bit afeard. But what under the sun could make the Bristol people call her a boat, for I'm positive she is the biggest ship I ever see! They have to hang up two bells in her, one aft, and one in the forepart, for one aint enough to be heard all over her. The bow, they call "far west," it is so far off—the starn, "down east," and the sentre, where them black negro-looking fellows, the stokers live, "Africa." The engines is wonderful, that's sartain. They work like a baker needing do for bred, and the digs it gives is surprising. The boilers is big enough to scald at one dip, all the pigs in an Irish steamer, and would be a fortune to a butcher. The fire-places is large enough to roast a whole hog at once, and if there is a thing I love, it's roast pork. The hard, red, crisp, cronchy skin is beautiful, as much as to say, come, stick it into me afore I am cold! It puts me in mind of your lips, dear Mary, both on 'em is so red, so plump, so enticing, and both taken with a little sarce. Yes, I never see a pig, I doesn't think of you, it's cheeks is so round and fat like yourn. The rib, too, means a wife every where; but I wont say no more, for fear I should find I had gotten the wrong sow by the ear. We have a great deal of company on board, consisting of two hundred men and women, two cows, ten pigs, besides fowls and mulatto girls. One of these young women isn't a bad looking heifer neither; she is constantly casting sheep's eyes at me, but I aint such a calf as she takes me to be, so don't be jealous Mary. She thinks I don't know she has a touch of the tar-brush.

After all, life in a steamer ain't so pleasant as life in Bristol, especially when work is done, seeing friends at the ale-house, or walking of a Sunday over to Clifton with somebody as shall be nameless. One question more and I'me done: Who courts standing with their heads over it, at the style, one on one side of it, and tother on the other? Well, it arnte the donkeys, tho' they comes there sometimes; and it tante our cow and squire Maze's old blind bull, tho' they do come there to rub noses across the bars sometimes, too; but it's a pretty girl what wears a bonnet with blue ribbons, that do cum to see a well-built young butcher in Bristol; and mind what I telly, the next time he comes there, him and Blue Ribbons is both on one side of the stile, in less time than wink, mind that, for I'me not joking no more than a parson. Hopping that it may come soon, and that you will be as true as I be,

I remain 'till death, your loving friend,

John Skinner.

LETTER FROM ELIZABETH FIGG TO JOHN BUGGINS.

Dear John—I never will believe nothing I hear, till I see it—never. We are now in sight of America, which riz out of the sea this morning afore breakfast, and is nothing but a blue spec after all, and no bigger than a common hill, and yet this is the land, they say, is so large, that you have to travel through it by water. But this is the way strangers are always deceived by travellers' stories, that you don't know how much to set down fabulous, and how much to give credit to. I arrived in due course by coach at Bristol the same day at night that I left London, and was picked up out of the bush by a cab-man, who took me to the stairs; but he was a villain, like many more that I could name, at Bristol as well as other places. Sais he, is it a single fair? no says I, I am married to John Figg this seven years; says he, I mean is there any more to be took in? no said I, I hope not, and I trust you are not agoing for to take me in, are you? with that he shot too the door with a grin, and got up on the box, and I heard him say, she is a rum one, that's sartain. When we got to Clifton he made me pay ten shillings, I wish you would see to it, he is a stout man with a red face, and you'll know him by his waist-coat, which is red too.

After that I took a voyage down the river to where the Great Western stood waiting for us, but Gracious Powers! it was a floating station for a rail way. Such a confusion no one did ever see. I was told when I came on board I should see a palace, all fit for the Queen, so elegant and so clean, the wood all gilding and the moreens all silk, and the rooms all state rooms, and as for liquor nothing but hoc and shampain would go down, and every thing you could think of, besides ever so much you never dreamed of all your life, all provided for your reception, and the only objection was the voyage was so short, you got but little use of it for your money. Well I never! if it aint horred to

hoax people that way, I declare; but let them Bristol Quakers alone for sly ones I say—but I'll not get before my story—you shall see for yourself how far things come up to the mark or not.

I have been wretched uncomfortable in this steamer, for what in the world is the use of all the gilding and carving and pictures and splendor that ever was to you when you are sick at the stomach? Our cabin has two boxes in it called births, though coffins would be nearer the thing, for you think more of your end at sea a great deal. One of these is situated over the other like two shelves, and these two together make what they call a state room. What would they think at the real palace, of such a state room as this, of just a closet and no more, for the queen and her mother to sleep in, and no dressing-room nor nothing? but you shall hear all. My birth is the uppermost one, and I have to climb up to it putting one foot on the lower one, and the other away out on the wash-hand stand, which is a great stretch and makes it very straining; then I lift one knee on the birth, and roll in side ways. This is very inconvenient to a woman of my size, and very dangerous. Last night I put my foot on Mrs. Brown's face, as she laid asleep close to the edge of the lower one, and nearly put out her eye, and I have a large black spot where I have been hurt, and my head is swelled. To dismount is another feat of horsemanship only fit for a sailor. You can't sit up for the floor over head, so you have to turn round and roll your legs out first, and then hold on, till you touch bottom somewhere, and then let yourself down upright. It is dreadful work, and not very decent for a delicate female if the steward happens to come in when you are in the act this way. I don't know which is hardest, to get in or get out a birth; both are the most difficultest things in the world, and I shall be glad when I am done with it. I am obligated to dress in bed, afore I leave it, and nobody that hasn't tried to put on their clothes lying down can tell what a task it is. Lacing stays behind your back, and you on your face nearly smothered in bed clothes, and feeling for the eylet hole with one hand, and trying to put the tog in with the other, while you are rolling about from side to side, is no laughing matter. Yesterday I fastened on the pillow to my bustler by mistake, in the hurry, and never knew it, till people laughed at me and said the sea agreed with me, I had grown so fat. But putting on stockings is the worst, for there aint room to stoop forward, so you have to bring your foot to you, and stretching out on your back, lift up your leg till you can reach it, and then drag it on. Corpulent people can't do this easy, I can tell you. It always gives me the cramp and takes away my breath. You would pity me if you could conceive John, but you can't,—nobody but a woman can tell what a female suffers being confined in a birth at sea. Then I get nothing hardly to eat, for I sit between a German and a Frenchman, and if I ask one to help me, he says—"neat for stain," which means, I am afraid to dirt my fingers; and the other keeps saying, "Je non ton Pa," I aint your father; and when I call steward, he says, "Yes mame, comeing directly," and he never comes at all. Then the doctor says, Mrs. Figg, what will you take—is there any thing I can give you? He says this every day at dinner, and it kills me, the very idea. At last I said to him, Do pray doctor don't mention it, I am sick enough already, and you really turn my stomach. Oh! John, I suffer more than mortal can imagine. The biscuit is as hard as a dutch tile and it is easier to crack a tooth than to crack that, but may be it is only my weakness—and the vinegar tastes sweeter to me than the wine, but perhaps that's all owing to the sourness of my stomach. Indeed it's little that goes down my throat which seems to be turned upside down and acts the other way. If all the passengers is like me, the Captain will have a profitable voyage of it, I am sure, for I can neither eat nor drink any thing—and what I live on, Gracious only knows, for I don't.

We have had a terrific gale ever since we left, and the motion is dreadful. You never see any thing like the sea, when its fairly up; it's like a galloping boil, it froths and rolls over, and carries on tremendous. Sometimes it pitches into the vessel, and sometimes the vessel pitches into it, and sometimes they both pitch together, and, then, words is wanting to paint it out in true colors. At such times, the trunks slide about the floor, as if they was on the ice, and it is as much as your legs is worth to be among them a minute. Every thing I have is either wet or torn; my new silk bonnet is all scruntched flat, by Mrs. Brown's falling down on it; and, what's worse is, to have my bum-be-seen looking no better than the cook's, it has got all soiled, and a great spot on it that I can't get off, do what I will. The place underneath is very hot, and the air so long confined that comes from there, aint pleasant at all, it makes me feel very frail. But that aint the worst of it, the doors are all painted so very beautiful, and look so romantic, that they didn't like to number them, for fear of spoiling the pictures on them; and it tante very easy to tell which is which, or whose is whose; and there is a great German officer always opening my door, by mistake, and, sometimes, won't be convinced till he looks me in the face, and then its—oh, I pegs porton, madam, I, too, indeed, I mishtookt it for mine own, so I tid. It frightens me so, I am afraid to do anything, almost, for fear of his great whiskered face come poping in upon me. It is a dreadful life, dear John; no one knows what it is, but them that's tried it, and them, too, that's sea-sick, and is females. The partitions, too, are so very thin, you can hear all kinds of noises, just as plain as if it was in the same room, which is very inconvenient and disagreeable. My next neighbor is a Frenchman, he is very ill, and is always calling some jew or another that never comes. It is pitiable to hear him crying all day, O mon jew, mon jew! Sometimes, just as I feel exhausted and quiet, from weakness, he begins reaching, so dredful, that it sets me off again, and I think I shall never stop; and, as for the steward, as there is no bells, and he is a mile off, you might as well call from Dover to Calais, and expect to be heard; and if you catch a glimpse of another servant, he says, yes, marm, and you never see him again, or, if you do, you don't know him, they are so numerous, and being mulattoes, you can't tell them apart. The black girls, or "jets does," as the French call them, are so busy, that they do nothing at all, but chase each other round and round. You want a gentleman at sea very much, more than any where else; and, if poor Mr. Figg hadn't unfortunately had to leave England rather unexpectedly, I shouldn't have been in such a primminary as I am. You aint much better off, on deck, for, when the ship pitches or rolls, you are apt to lose your stool, and whatever happens at sea, either from a fall, or getting in a spree, every one laughs. There is no sympathy here, for no one; and politeness is not the order of the day, when people are not invited for company, but pay their way, and no thanks to any one. How times is altered with me, since I was a belle, and all Hackney rung with my name and fortin, and it was whose arm I should take, and who should be the happy man, and a smile was too much pay for any trouble—or, rather, trouble was a pleasure. Bumpers didn't mean what bumpers does now; and running bump agin you, and most knocking you over, is a very different thing from having your health drank in toast, the men all standing unkivered, and having it done whenever opportunity offered. But men aint what men was, and a steamer aint a corporation ball. though they do call it a palace, nor nothing like it; and, although I am no longer Betsey Buggins, that was, yet I am not much altered, unless it be I'm a little more "om bum point" than I was, which, some people say, is more becoming. Besides, being married, looks is of no more consequence than dress, unless it should be my fortune to marry again, which, Mr. Figg's declining health, I fear, renders not impossible, if ever I should bring myself to think of another, which aint probable But, poor Mr Figg is greatly changed, and enjoys very bad health; he aint the same man. he was, and has fell away to nothing, until he is a mere atamy. But, I trust in Providence, if yellow fever don't do for him, change of air will.

Hoping this will find you in good health and spirits, I am, dear brother,

Your faithful sister,

ELIZABETH FIGG.

P.S. If you see Mrs. Hobbs, tell her I am much beholden to her, for her kindness in saying Mr. Figg and me left England serruptitious, on account of a derangement of affairs, but ill health of Mr. Figg, from being kept at it from morning till night, was the sole cause: for thank goodness, we can retire when we please at any moment and enjoy ourselves, if he was only able as he once was in bodily strength. As far as means goes, we have it, and enough to spare, to purchase her and Mr. Hobbs out any day, and set them up again, and not miss it. I most wonder some people aint ashamed, to show their red faces, when it's well known that water never causes red noses. But I scorn to retaliate on people that's given to sich low habits, only some folks had better see the brandy blossoms on their own faces, before they find beams in other people's characters. I hate such deceitful wretches as is so civil to your face, and the moment your back is turned find nothing too bad to say of you, but this is not worth breath, and that's the truth.

E. FIGG.

A YOUNG PUTNAM.

On the morning of the 3d instant, Alfred Brunson Clark, eleven years old, grandson of the Rev. A. Brunson, went out on the Prairie (du Chien) to hunt for cows. He had four dogs with him; and seeing two wolves, he hissed them on, and gave chase. One of the wolves was pursued by the dogs to a rock on the side of the bluff, some 150 feet up the steep acclivity, where he took refuge in a crevice, whence the dogs could not oust him. The lad having followed close upon the dogs, and seeing the situation of the wolf, and unwilling to lose the game, tied his horse to a tree, and by the aid of the bushes clambered up the steep hill-side to the shelf of the rock on which the wolf travelled to his retreat. One end of this shelf came to the sidling ground, while the other, ten or twelve feet distant, is six or ten feet from it. The shelf is about twelve or fifteen inches wide, and over it hangs a projection like a cornice, the space between the shelf and projection being only about thirteen inches. On this shelf the boy crawled on his hands and knees to the crevice in which the wolf had stowed himself away, and finding his tail hanging out, and having no weapon whatever to kill him with, he laid hold of the tail and pulled him back.

As soon as he could, the wolf turned and snapped at his hand; to avoid which the boy tumbled him off the shelf, when the dogs seized him ere he reached the ground, and a tumbling, rolling-over fight ensued to the bottom of the hill. The boy, in the meantime, backed out of his dangerous position till he could nearly reach the ground, with his hands holding the edge of the shelf, when he fell, feet foremost, and hurried down to the place of slaughter. When he reached the dogs the wolf was not quite dead, and to aid in the matter he lays his head upon a rock, and with a club finishes the work of death upon his prey.

The next thing was to get him home as a trophy of his victory. The wolf was one of the largest and fattest kind of prairie wolves, and too heavy for a lad of his size to place upon the horse, but to overcome this difficulty he dragged the wolf to a rock, and placing his horse by the side of it, with some difficulty succeeded in placing his booty across the horse; and mounting behind it, rode him with as much triumph as the elder Putnam did with the wolf he had killed in her den. If Putnam's wolf was the largest and most difficult to be got at, his age, and his being armed for the fight, gave him an advantage over a lad of eleven years of age, and without weapons, which would probably render the case very nearly parallel.

Prairie du Chien, Nov. 5 1839. Galena (Ill.) Gazette.

SULTAN MAHMOUD'S LAST EXCURSION UPON THE BOSPHORUS.

BY PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU.

I had travelled over a considerable part of Asia Minor, and had everywhere perceived marks of the beneficent action of a superior man. Everywhere complete security prevailed, even in the remote mountainous districts, where, some few years before, assassinations and robberies were daily occurrences.—Fanaticism was crushed; it had vanished almost everywhere; and where it still existed it ventured not into the open light.

Thus I was myself at Broussa the object of a toleration hitherto unheard-of among the Mahometans. It is well known that on entering a mosque they leave even their slippers at the door, and that they hold dogs in religious horror. Now, on arriving at Broussa, I hastened to visit the mosque and the tomb of Mouhrad 1., situate in a distant part of the suburbs. I presented myself there in the custom of a traveller and horseman—that is to say, with large boots and spurs, and I was accompanied by my dog. When the mosquekeeper made his appearance no other Turk was present, wherefore I begged him to dispense with taking my boots off. He granted my request, and when my dog was suddenly attacked by a host of those wild dogs, which in Turkey are the scourge of travellers, the keeper allowed me to give my poor companion a shelter in the mosque against his persecutors.

In all Anatolia I found the Rayas and strangers enjoyed greater protection than the Turks themselves, especially the Greeks, several of whom, who had formerly migrated to the Morea, had since returned to those countries. The governors of the provinces and towns, though most of them at the same time farmers-general, according to the old Turkish system, were so closely and securely watched that a complaint was very seldom made against them. I at the same time observed that the inhabitants always preferred new governors, recently sent from Constantinople, to the old ones, born in the country, and belonging to its most influential families. Considerable buildings, undertaken by the Government or private individuals, bore witness, in all the towns, to the progress of civilization, and the cultivation of the soil itself was as much improved as the restricted numbers of the population permitted, and presented the most smiling aspect. Every where I met with the most liberal hospitality, and, in my capacity as a traveller, I was gladdened with an accelerated, exact, and cheap posting service. I only condemned the deplorable state of the roads, upon which, however, I found some attention bestowed as I approached Constantinople.

Filled with these impressions, I arrived in the Ottoman capital, anxious to become personally acquainted with the man to whose impulse results so difficult to obtain and so beneficent were due.

Already, during the first week of my stay, an audience had been granted to me on the part of the Sultan; but it was postponed, and soon rendered impossible. The disease with which he was attacked, made, in a short time, deplorable progress. The news of his death was received by all subjects of the empire, whether Turks or Christians, and whatever were their opinions, with a sorrow that I had never witnessed any where else. I myself shared in the common sadness, for although the much-desired opportunity of conversing with so remarkable a man had vanished, chance had enabled me to observe him for some time very closely, and that first and last encounter had made the deepest and most lasting impression upon me. Now, one must have seen a man once at least to regret him really and deeply. I will, therefore, briefly tell how I met the Sultan, and what he appeared to me, who, I own, am somewhat enthusiastic.

One day I was boating upon the channel of that brilliant Bosphorus, which, decked out every day as it were for a *fete*, reflects in the mirror of its blue surface its mosques, minarets, and innumerable palaces, its gardens and villas, its delightful groups of plane trees, its cemeteries with dark cypresses, and its shaded hills resembling waves. A noise of cannon from the forts and ships suddenly warned me of the approach of the Sultan's barge. I hastened towards a spot of the Asiatic shore where the presence of some troops and of a few foreign spectators denoted the place selected by the Sultan for his day's prayer.

I had scarcely landed, and obtained from the courtesy of a Turkish officer one of the best places close to the mosque stairs, when the Grand Seignor's boat, rowed with the swiftness of bird-flight, touched the shore. At that period the public knew but vaguely of the disease which so promptly devoured him, and, after all I had heard about Sultan Mahmoud, I expected to behold a vigorous stature and a proud look. I was astonished when I saw a being, bent, resembling a spectre, whose features, though handsome and noble, were already struck with the marks of an incurable illness. There was a benevolence and mildness in his large and expressive eyes; but the approach of death had already imparted to them something supernatural; he seemed a stranger to all that passed around him, and to be wholly plunged into the interior of his soul.

That Prince, the image of expiring grandeur, was seated upon several red velvet cushions under a gilt canopy, forming a sad contrast with the herculean rowers, whose athletic forms shone beneath their shirts of transparent silk. The dying sovereign attempted to rise, but he fell strengthless upon the cushions, and two officers rather carried than conducted him up the stairs. Whilst the Sultan addressed some affectionate words to the persons surrounding him, a painful smile passed over his suffering face, which, to conceal the vestiges of his illness, was painted red and black, according to the Paris etiquette, but shaded by an ebony beard, cut very short. Those borrowed colors did but more sadly bring out the signs betokening an approaching decomposition.

I was so dismayed at that aspect, so sorrowfully absorbed in the fate of that martyr—for he is a martyr that devotes his life to an idea disowned by the mass of the people—that I let the Sultan pass without saluting him, and taking my hat off, like the rest. The Sultan's eyes fixed upon me; perhaps he had perceived and taken offence at my unpoliteness; but could he have read my soul, he would have recognised in it a more flattering homage than any that a skilful courtier could have tendered; for, in verity, it was very long since the sight of a sovereign had transported me so far as to make me forget myself.

We were not permitted to follow the Sultan into the mosque, and when he left it I was myself again; I failed not to repair my fault with a profound salute, after taking my hat off long before he re-appeared. He wanted to return to his palace in a carriage, and, after descending the stairs with great pains, he stopped at the door to rest himself before he entered the vehicle. During that pause he attentively looked at the crowd surrounding him. A poor woman kept her hand up with a petition; the Sultan remarked her; he immediately desired his suite to fetch the memorial, and carefully deposited it in his carriage Fearing lest the ladies standing among the spectators might be touched by his spirited horses, he had them requested to draw back a little to a higher spot.

In the meantime I had not ceased to study his interesting countenance with all the attention of a physiognomist. Melancholy, richness of thought, perhaps more of the ideal than of fixed will, a great sensitiveness to pleasure and pain, goodness and frankness—such were the principal features I fancied I read in it; but all that was, as it were, veiled by the presentiment of death. That was his last excursion, and it is well known that he devoted his last days to acts of piety and benevolence. History will be just towards him, and will, doubtless, assign to him one of the most distinguished places among the most influential men of his times, and the greatest sovereigns of his dynasty; for there are glorious individualities at the decline as well as at the rise of nations. It was not the fault of Mahmoud if he came too late—it was not his fault if he did not accomplish what he projected. Like Mehemet Ali, Sultan Mahmoud was reduced to himself in the prosecution of his plans, and it was but to his own intelligence that he was indebted for what he created and executed amidst unspeakable obstacles. How did Europe support and encourage him in his labors? To answer the question I might but mention Greece and Navarino. I might also mention some acts of diplomacy in Egypt, but, above all, those club-blows he had to suffer, the pin-pricks given to him by that same diplomacy, with its undecisive and incomplete intervention, with its mania of meddling with every detail of his administration, and with the pretension of imposing upon him at every moment its guardianship.

It is said that, a few days previous to his death, the Sultan assembled the most important and influential of his ministers, and addressed them a sort of farewell speech, in which he explained himself upon all those points with dignity and severity. He conducted that address in an affecting manner, solemnly declaring that, on the point of appearing before his Creator and Supreme Judge, he felt a perfect accordance between his policy and his conscience; that he had followed the advice of his predecessor, Selim, and done from his own conviction what he had deemed most suitable to the salvation of his people, and indispensable to the maintenance of the empire; that he, therefore, prayed all those who heard him to follow his example, wishing that many of them, when their last hour struck, might be as free from remorse for having obstructed the reforms, as he felt at the moment for having led his people in that direction even by the employment of force.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE.

In many, if not most, of the regiments of our army, there is to be found a sort of officer who is a privileged oddity—who takes liberties with all his brethren of the mess with impunity, and who pockets everything short of a blow with the best possible humor. In general, the individuals of this description are designated in the mess-room vocabulary "*Good tempered old stagers*," and "*Old Stickers*," meaning thereby that they can "go" at the bottle, and "stick at the table" till "all's blue."

One of these, a Quartermaster of Infantry, with a nose of the genuine Bardolph complexion, a rosy and eternal smile, a short figure, and a big head, having dined with a party of brother officers at the *Three Cups*, Harwich—the day on which his regiment marched into the barracks of that town—was in the best possible humor, so much so, that he gave the bottle no rest until about eleven o'clock, and became glorious, just as the company broke up—right or wrong he would go along with three of the youngest subalterns to ramble by the sea-side in the moonshine, having been "*so long i' the sun.*" They permitted him reluctantly; perhaps, indeed, because they could not prevent him; but when the party got down to the place where passengers and goods are generally embarked, the Quartermaster became totally overpowered, and sank senseless into a snore. The officers whom he accompanied could not think of carrying his *corpus* back to the inn; nor were there many persons near whom they could employ for the purpose. One of them opened the door of a private carriage which stood near, unshipped from its wheels, ready for embarkation, and in a moment the sleeper was bundled into it, where he was left to his repose with the door fast shut upon him.

Next morning at daybreak (about three o'clock) the coach, with its contents, was put on board the Hamburg packet, and stowed away at the very bottom of the hold; in half an hour after this the vessel put to sea.

For the whole of the day the packet had a brisk breeze, and at midnight was a good hundred miles away from Harwich; a dead calm set in. It was a beautiful night in July, and the passengers were not all gone to bed; some walked the deck, and others sate below at cards; everything was silent except the rattling of the ropes as the ship yielded to the smooth and gentle swell of the sleeping North Sea. About this time the Quartermaster, it is supposed, awoke; at least, he had not been heard before to utter his complaints, probably from the bustle consequent on the managing of the vessel in a stiff breeze. However, it was at this time that his cracked and buried voice first fell upon the ears of the crew, and for about twenty minutes the panic it created is indescribable. The whist company in the cabin at first thought it was one of the sailors in a chest, and called the captain, who declared he had been that minute examining into the cause of the unearthly sounds, and had mustered his crew, all of whom were on deck, as much astonished as he was; nay, more so, for one of them, a Welshman, felt convinced that the voice proceeded from the speaking-trumpet of the ghost of David Jones, his former shipmate, "who had died in ill will with him."

"Hallo—o—o—o!"—"Murder!" now arose upon all ears, as if the voice were at the bottom of the sea. The Welshman fell upon his knees and begged forgiveness of his injured and departed friend, David Jones; the rest of the crew caught a slight tinge of his fears, and paced about in couples to and fro; some declaring that it was below the rudder, and others that it was at the mast-head. The passengers, one and all, hurried on deck; in short, none on board, not even the captain and the oldest seamen were free from alarm, for they had searched every habitable place in the vessel without discovering the cause of their terrors; and the hold, it was evident, could not have contained an extra rat, it was so crammed with luggage, &c. "Let me out, yon d——d rascals! let me out—let me out, I say!" screamed the voice with increased vigor. These exclamations the Welshman declared were addressed to the devils, that they were tormenting his deceased David; and he uttered a fervent prayer for the peace of the wandering and unhappy soul; but a different idea was awakened in the mind of the Captain by the words "*Let me out!*" "There is somebody packed up in the hold," exclaimed he; and instantly ordering the men to follow him down, all began to remove the upper layer of articles, which being done, the voice became louder and more distinct.

"Where are you!" bawled the Captain.

"I'm here in a coach, d——n you!" answered the Quartermaster.

The mystery was now solved, and the Welshman made easy; but no one could imagine how a human being could have got into the carriage. However, satisfaction on this point was not to be waited for; so the men fell to work, and after half an hour's hard exertions, succeeded in disencumbering the vehicle. They then proceeded to unpack the Qartermaster, whose astonishment amounted almost to madness when he found that he had not only been confined to a coach, but in a ship, and the said ship was then in the middle of the German Ocean.

It was impossible to put back to Harwich, so no remedy was left the little fat gentleman but to proceed to the end of the voyage, and to take passage back from Hamburgh as soon as possible. This was bad enough; but his hopes of an early return were almost destroyed by the setting in of adverse winds, which kept the vessel beating about in a most bile-brewing and stomach-stirring ocean for ten days and nights; during which time, when not sea-sick, the Quartermaster was employed in profoundly meditating how he could have got into the coach, and even after having taken the opinion of the Captain, the crew, and all the passengers, upon the matter, he felt himself as much in the dark as ever. The last thing he could recollect of the land he had left was that he had dined and *wined* at the "Three Cups;" what followed was chaos.

But the worst of the affair, decidedly, was, that the day on which he had been put to sea was on the 22d of the month, and as it was impossible for him to make his appearance with his regiment on the 24th, he knew he must, as a matter of course, be reported "Absent without leave" at head quarters, and that he would most probably be suspended. This reflection was even worse than the weather to the Quartermaster, though the rough sea had already almost "brought his heart up." However, he had great hopes of being able to join his regiment on the 10th of the following month—the next *return day*—and by due application he thought he might contrive to prevent supersession. Ten days of this time was, however, consumed before he set foot upon German shore, and then only half of his excursion was over: all his hopes rested upon a quick passage to Harwich.

This, however, the Fates denied him; for having drawn on the agent—got the cash—engaged his passage to England—laid in sea stock and all things necessary—the packet, just as she was leaving Hamburgh, was run foul of by a five hundred ton ship, and so much injured that she was obliged to put back, and the unfortunate Quartermaster was thus compelled to wait a fortnight for another opportunity of returning to England. He was not only delayed beyond the 10th (return day), but the 24th—and when he did arrive, he found that he had been not only superseded by the Commander-in-Chief, but considered dead by all his friends and relations!

However, on personally applying for reinstatement, he obtained it, and once more joined his old corps at Harwich, where he many a night amused the mess with the recital of his trip to sea in the coach, which was always given with effect when he was *half seas over*.

Military Sketch Book.

The Sheep Dog.—In another case the acuteness of scent of a far more intelligent and useful dog—the colly, or Scotch sheep dog, was somewhat awkwardly employed. A young man, deluded to become a sheep stealer, selected some sheep from the flock of a former master, and set off with them towards Edinburgh. He had not quite left the farm when his conscience smote him, and he quitted the sheep and let them go again to the hill. He called off his dog, and, mounting his pony, rode away. After proceeding about three miles he thought he heard something behind him, and looking round he saw his dog driving the stolen sheep at a furious rate in order to keep up with his master. He was exceedingly troubled, for the sheep having come so far from home he dreaded that there would be a pursuit. He beat the dog for the uncalled for interference, and rode on a second time, taking the colly with him. He had not ridden above a mile before he perceived that his assistant had again given him the slip and, suspecting for what purpose, he was sadly alarmed as well as chagrined. He resolved to abandon the animal to himself, and took a road across the country which he was sure his dog had never traversed. He pursued a circuitous route through some lanes, and at length arrived at a gate, which he opened and shut behind him, and half a mile further on he called at a farm house and breakfasted. As he was about to start again a person told him that he need not hurry himself, for his dog had got the sheep safe enough down to the crooked gate. After this it was impossible for the poor fellow to get rid of them, so he drove them on and sold them. and the trensaction cost him his life.

Youatt's Humanity to Brutes.

SHARK AND HEDGEFORD.

A majority of the Country Subscribers to the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" are presented his week with a superb Portrait of SHARK, engraved on Steel Plate by Mr. A. DICK, of this city, from an Original Painting in oil by Mr. EDWARD TROYE, in the possession of Capt. STOCKTON, U. S. N.

With the next number of This Paper, will also be presented a highly finished Portrait of the Imported Horse HEDGEFORD, engraved on Steel Plate, by Mr. R. HINSHELWOOD, of this city, from an Original Picture in oil, by Mr. TROYE, the eminent English Animal Painter, in the possession of Col. J. H. TOWNES, of Mississippi.

☞ Those of our Subscribers who do not receive Shark's Portrait *this week* will be supplied next Saturday, with the Portraits of Shark and Hedgeford together. So much time is necessarily occupied in enveloping the Portraits so that they may escape injury in their transit through the Mail, that we are unable to supply all our subscribers the same week.

The Portrait of MONARCH is nearly completed, and that of BOSTON is progressing so rapidly that we have no hesitation in promising it to our subscribers with the 1st number of our New Volume, on the 7th of next month.

Portraits of BOSTON, ARGYLE, and WAGNER, engaged for the next Volume of the "Spirit of the Times," are already in the hands of DICK, HINSHELWOOD and PRUD'HOMME, the most eminent engravers in the city, and will surpass any thing of the kind ever published in this country.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Four-Mile Stake at Trenton.—It will be seen, by an advertisement in to-day's paper, that the spirited proprietor of the Eagle Course has at length opened a Stake for all ages, Four mile heats, to come off during the ensuing Spring meeting, to which he has added the very handsome sum of $1000. The subscription, to ensure a large number of nominations, has been made $500 each, with the moderate forfeit of $200, while the 2d horse is to receive back his stake. It will also be seen that the owner of *Boston* has consented, with great liberality, that "the Old White Nose" shall be excluded from the Stake, so that we may confidently anticipate a strong field, and a splendid race. In canvassing the names of those who are likely to be nominated, we find there are a great number of "available candidates" for the honor of carrying off so rich a prize. At the North, we have, in Mr. LAIRD's stable, the choice of *Clarion* and *Decatur;* Mr. GIBBONS has *Mariner*, the crack 3 yr. old of last year; Capt. STOCKTON has imported *Langford*—good for 7:46—and Mr. VAN MATER has *Hornblower*, that he thinks can plump it down still lower into the forties! From Virginia we may expect *Fordham, Atalanta*, or *Wonder*, from Col. JOHNSON's stable; and either *Job* or *Andrewetta* from Mr. HARE's. Capt. CORBIN will contrive that some one wakes up the wrong *Passenger*, and Tartars may be caught with a KIRBY hook. Indeed, this Stake promises to be the most sporting affair of the season. Should it turn out a crack thing, Boston will be mighty apt to hear from the winner in the Fall!

Arkansas "down on" Missouri.—We learn that during the ensuing campaign Capt. TUNSTALL, of Arkansas, will send his string to Missouri, consisting of Etna, Eliza Ross, Ben Desha, Catalpa, Eudora, and others.

JOHN S. BLAINE, Esq., of St. Louis, Mo., has purchased of JAMES BATHGATE, Esq., of West Farms, L. I., his 3 yr. old filly by Henry out of Waterloo's dam. This promising filly will probably be trained in Kentucky next season.

Mr. THOMAS S. SMITH, of Columbia, Tenn., claims the name of *Neoshio Dillard* for his 2 yr. old ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough out of Anvelina Smith, by Stockholder.

A letter from our correspondent at Augusta, informs us that Col. HAMPTON, of Columbia, S. C., has purchased of JOHN C. ROGERS, Esq., his interest (one half) in *Fanny*, the half sister to *Wagner*, 3 yrs. old. Col. H., last Fall, paid Col. JOHNSON, of Va., $3500 for the other half. Mr. Rogers has also sold Col. H. the Andrew filly out of Maria West, the 30th nomination in the Peyton Stakes of 30 subscribers, at $5000 each; and also the produce of Maria West and Imp. Priam.

Monarch promises to do a fine business next season. In addition to the splendid mares of his owner, and others in the neighborhood, Mr. ROGERS, of Raleigh, N. C., will send him Maria West, (the dam of Wagner and Fanny,) Polly Peachem, (the dam of Portsmouth,) Lady Rowland, and the beautiful Mary Blunt.

Tornado.—Attention is directed to the advertisement of this fine young horse—a son of Polly Hopkins by Eclipse.

Fanny, the half sister to Wagner, thank heaven, is alive and well, but *Charlotte Russe* is dead. Better so than vice versa, that's some comfort. *Delphine*, the dam of Monarch and The Queen, has slipped twin colt foals by Imp. Hibiscus—said to have been an exact match!

Rowing Match.—The following reply has been made by the "Lower Creek Boat Club," at Savannah, Ga., to the "St. Mary's Boat Club," at St. Mary's, in the same State :—

Gentlemen—At a meeting of the "*Lower Creek Boat Club*," held on Friday evening the 24th inst., to take into consideration the challenge of the St. Mary's Boat Club, (which appeared in the Savannah Republican on the 21st inst,) to run their boat, "St. Marys," against the "Lower Creek's" boat "Floyd."

It was on motion,

Unanimously Resolved, That we accept the challenge of the St. Mary's Boat Club, provided the race shall come off in the Savannah river, opposite the city.

Further Resolved, That in consideration of the expense of the "St. Mary's Club" bringing their boat and crew to Savannah, that the "Lower Creeks" will bet them $500 to $400. GEORGE BETTS, Sec'y, L. C. Boat Club.

☞ An early answer to the above is requested.

Savannah, January 25th, 1840.

"*The Biggest Dog.*"—The editors of the Philadelphia "Courier" think they know of a pretty considerable particular smart chunk of a dog in that city, which will outmeasure *Douro*, of Salem, Mass., whose dimensions we published a few weeks since. Hear them :—

Not the "Biggest Dog Yet," Mr. "B."—A friend of ours has a small animal in that way, which will give *Douro* thirty or forty pounds (the weight of an ordinary sized dog), and beat him then, besides out-measuring him, in a majority of ways. If you want to see a large dog and no mistake, agree to meet the travelling expenses, and we will induce him to trot *Rock* down to Salem, and "astonish the natives" a few.

Is this the way our neighbors make a challenge? It is something like their "skying coppers" when their game is "heads I win—tails you lose!" If they are so confident about "that homely man's dog," *Rock*, and wish to show him against "the great yellow dog," *Douro*, at Salem, "for a flyer," they can be accommodated. We are not quite sure they will have to go further towards Salem than the city of Gotham. HANNINGTON has one of the St. Bernard breed here, that can beat *Rock* "all to eternal smash," and give him six inches on to the end of his snout and "tail-piece!"

The lot of blood horses sold to ex-President HOUSTON by H. & J. LEWIS, of Alabama, have reached San Augustine, Texas, in fine condition. They took the land route via Natchez, Alexandria, San Augustine, etc.

Lucy Gwynn.—This full sister of Sussex, the property of H. A. TAYLOE, Esq., dropped a fine bay colt foal to Imp. Luzborough on the 16th inst. She goes to Luzborough again. Old *Zelina* is on her way to Imp. Priam. She also belongs to the same spirited turfman.

The Southern Turf.—A promising Alabama Turfman writes us as follows :—You will hear of something about *time*, at Orleans this Spring that will astonish the natives or I am no prophet,—Wagner, Grey Medoc, Maria Black, and Ralph, are crowders, and must contend for the mastery. Bee's-wing will be there too, in all her beauty, with her well-earned laurels, to contend with the immortal Wagner. Such a two mile race as Eloiso and Altorf's over the Louisiana Course, the last meeting, will be hard to beat. Cotton sells so low that I fear it will effect our meetings below very seriously.

I dislike to trouble you with a commission, but must ask you what a pair of *Berkshire pigs* shipped to Mobile would cost? May be I may trouble you with a commission, if it is not imposing too much on your kindness

Note.—The pigs could be had here at the usual price in Kentucky. The freight of a pair would be about $20. We can have them shipped without difficulty, and will do so with pleasure, if you desire it.

Information is Wanted, of a trainer named SAMUEL HICKS, (a yellow man,) who trained at Maysville, Ky., last Spring. If "Sam" is yet alive and kicking, he may hear of something to his advantage, on application, by letter, to JAMES WILLSON, Esq., of Pittsburgh, Pa. Gentlemen connected with the Turf will oblige a clever man by furnishing Hicks with this information, should they meet him.

Gen. JOSEPH THOMAS, of Burke Co., Ga., has sold an interest of one half of his ch. c. by Andrew out of Eliza North by Eclipse, 2 yrs., to Col. A. H. KENAN, of Milledgeville, Ga., for $1500.

THE PERFORMANCES OF ECLIPSE AND HENRY
IN COMPARISON WITH THOSE OF
BOSTON, LADY CLIFDEN, PICTON, ETC.

Mr. Editor,—I have observed several interesting articles in your paper and the "Turf Register," in relation to the merits of English race-horses, when compared with our own,—and in relation to the merits of various other horses, which have appeared, at different periods of time, upon our turf.

These discussions are not only of interest to those who love and cherish sports of this nature; but they are also highly useful,—because they furnish facts which the breeder may turn to account,—when casting about for proper *crosses* of a blood originally the same.

One of your latest correspondents (who amuses and instructs us at the same time, under the signature of "*Senex*") seems to consider *Boston* as the best race-horse of the present century,—and he decides that the glory of *American Eclipse* must have faded before him had they been cotemporaries. He says that Henry ran four miles over the Newmarket Course, near Petersburgh, in *seven* minutes and *fifty-four* seconds: that Boston ran a *second* heat over the same course in *seven* minutes and *fifty-two* seconds: that Henry beat Eclipse a first heat on the Union Course; and *ergo*, that Boston would have had "but little difficulty in beating Eclipse at any distance." *Non sequitur, Sic.* It does not follow that Boston, because he beat Henry's *time* upon the Newmarket track, could therefore have beaten Eclipse, or even Henry himself. We all know that the time of a race-horse depends upon the condition of the track, the state of the weather, and the fitness of the animal, to make a great effort at the particular moment he may be called upon to exhibit his powers. Boston himself was beaten by *Duane*, a first heat, over the Beacon Course, in 7:52, at a time when the track was in good, though not in the *best*, condition, as was proved by the rate of the mile-horses, who ran on the same track the same day.

Now, it does not follow that Boston could be beaten by The Queen, Omega, Duane, or Decatur, because he happened, on that particular occasion, not to be equal to himself. So, in relation to Eclipse and Henry, it does not follow that Boston is their superior because he beat Henry's *time* at Petersburgh, some fifteen years after the latter's performance.

Boston, it is true, is a horse of great power, uncommon speed, and perhaps superior to any horse of his day; if we except Wagner, over whom he has not *yet* exhibited any superiority, as I will, by-and-bye, show. Neither has he ever *equalled* the performance of Eclipse and Henry over the Union Course, as will be readily perceived by an examination of the facts.

It has been a common thing to compare that race with the performances of Picton and Lady Clifden over the same course, and from the results of an addition of the times of the various heats, to draw a conclusion highly favorable to the animals last named. But I shall endeavor to shew that such inferences are not warranted by facts, and that no horse in America has *yet* excelled the performance of *Eclipse*.

The first heat was won by Henry in 7:37, but Eclipse (although badly ridden) was not a *quarter* of a *second* behind him, and hence his time may be put down at 7:37¼, or if you will, at 7:37½. The next heat was run in 7:49; but be it remembered that Eclipse *passed* Henry after running three miles and a quarter, and had the race, after that, "all his own way." Henry could not even push him, and he came home an easy winner, several lengths in advance of his competitor. The *third* heat was run in very slow time—8:24—and what was the cause of this? Purdy, the rider of Eclipse, has often told the writer that this horse could, in his judgment, (and who was more competent to form a correct opinion?) have run the third heat *easily* in 8 min. He took the lead from the start, was never headed, or even passed, by Henry in any part of the heat, coming home strong and fresh; Purdy riding *safely*, and with the single object of winning the race, without reference to *time* or the character of the horse he bestrode. This capital rider, and excellent judge of the powers of a race-horse, never doubted the ability of Eclipse to shorten the time of the last heat, full twenty-four seconds, had he been called upon.

Now compare this race with Boston's performances any where and every where. Boston ran over the Union Course in 7:40, and could have reduced that time, possibly, three or four seconds. But could he have REPEATED the race in 7:49? That question can only be answered from conjecture, and no man can say what the result of a trial would have been if made. One thing is certain—Boston was *exceedingly* distressed on the occasion last referred to; more so than any race-horse I ever saw, except the same animal, when he ran against Duane; on which occasion it was painful to look at him.

It seems to me that the endurance of a horse is never well tested, except by the repetition of a race, where all his powers have been called forth by the *preceding* heat. Now Boston has been an easy winner in all his races, (except the one last above referred to,) and has never been put to the arduous trial of a second heat after being severely pressed in the first.

So with Lady Clifden, in her race with Picton; she did not run for the first heat, but allowed that battle to be fought out by Fanny Wyatt and Mingo—the latter making play with the colt for full three miles and a half. She was at least seven seconds behind Picton, reserving herself for the next struggle; and when called upon she ran *her* race in 7:43½; a very extraordinary performance, certainly, but not equal to that of Wagner and Grey Eagle, who ran a first heat in 7:48, and repeated the race in 7:44!! The third heat was run by Lady Clifden in 7:56½, and the *true* time of HER running would be very nearly as follows :—7:50½—7:43½—7:56½—or 23:30½ for the four miles. Eclipse could have done it in 23:26½, if Mr. Purdy's judgment may be relied on, or that of many others who saw his performance.

And here allow me to remark, that when a horse is not severely pressed in he first heat, his powers of repetition are very great, as was proved by Mingo when he ran a *third* heat in 7:47, and by Wagner's performance, 7:43½ in a second heat, after running the first in 7:51.

Now where are Boston's great triumphs, as to *time*, in four mile heats? In his race with The Queen, the first heat was run in 8:02! and the second in 7:52. In the first heat his speed was not tasked, as the time plainly shows, and hence the second heat does not prove satisfactorily his powers of endurance. What are his next great performances? Why, he ran *one* heat over the Union Course in 7:40, beating Charles Carter, and a race over the same track in 7:47—8:02, beating Balie Peyton, both capital efforts, certainly, and indicating great speed, but giving no proof of extraordinary bottom. And let it not be forgotten that Omega ran over the Washington Course in 7:40, and Decatur in 7:45. Mingo ran a *third* heat over the Union in 7:47—Picton a first in 7:44—Lady Clifden a second in 7:43½, performances equal to those of Boston. It is true that Boston beat Clifden and Omega afterwards, but the latter could not have been in good order, and seems to "train off;" nor was the former the same "swift Camilla" that beat Picton, Mingo, and Fanny Wyatt, in time that will not soon be seen again.

The only race in which Boston's powers of endurance have been properly tried was that between himself and Duane, over the Beacon Course. In that race Boston was beaten easily the first heat in 7:52—not having a chance for it, although he did his best. The second heat was won by him in 7:54 by *a head*, after a desperate struggle, and the third in 8:30, by half a length, after a most liberal use of the *raw-hide*, with which his rider was armed. The twelve miles were run in 24:16, *forty five* and a half seconds longer than the time of Lady Clifden!

In this race Boston and Duane were so much distressed, that their panting sides and swelling nostrils gave pain to every humane person on the ground; and never before did I see the *race horse* exhibit so little spirit. At the beginning of the third heat Boston was literally "whipt off" by a person standing behind him, and his pace when off did not much exceed the pace of a good trotter. It is in vain to say that the track was heavy, when such horses as Jane Rowlett, Jack Andrew, and Shepherdess ran over it in 1:50½—1:54 and 1:55. If the track forms an *apology* for the time of that day, what would have been Jack Andrews' speed upon a good track?—"Low down in the forties," as Col. Whetstone says.

I do not mean by the foregoing remarks to disparage a horse that *challenges* all the world, and who perhaps can *beat* all the world at four mile heats. I merely give facts, and leave others to draw inferences from them. Boston has not *yet*, by his performances, given conclusive evidence of *bottom*, and until he does, they are open to conjecture. Now, Wagner has exhibited speed and endurance only to be equalled by his wonderful competitor, Grey Eagle. Two races *in the same week*—one in 7:48—7:44, and the other in 7:51—7:43, indicate speed and bottom which have never been excelled in this country, except by Eclipse and Henry. Add to these his race at New Orleans, where he beat Extio in 7:44 and 7:57, and we have evidence that Boston, if he beat Wagner, must *run* for the *second* heat as well as the first. Of all things in the race horse world, I most desire to see a match between these champions on a good track, and then we shall know whether the 7:37 and 7:49 of 1823 can be beaten, as a matter of course, in 1840. I am a skeptic upon that subject, but shall gladly be convinced by experiment.

In a future number I will give, if permitted, some observations upon the running of imported horses, and the get of imported horses, as compared with our own stock, when I expect to shew that this is not the clime in which the noble racer degenerates. On the contrary, he retains his oriental character here, and may challenge his brother of the same blood all over the world.

AMERICUS.

BULLETIN FROM ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, Arks., Jan. 3, 1840.

My dear P.,—What has become of the match between *Boston* and *Wagner*, and is it to be a failure? I begin to despair of ever seeing it.

Crucifix is winning additional honors for Priam, while *Wardan* is doing wonders for Glencoe—Emancipation's get seem to "take the corn," and Cetus, Lapdog, Margrave, and Belshazzar, are doing the nice thing—Valparaiso ought to be a "good 'un"—that Velocipede blood is mighty fine.

I had a swarm of New Orleans "*Bees*" on yesterday—they are up to the 14th ult., and contain the entries of each day, but only the result of the three mile day. The beautiful daughter of Leviathan is recovering her laurels.

The Gallant Grey of Kentucky is so far recovered, as to make his friends sanguine, that in his five year old form he will throw in the shade the laurels he reaped in colthood. I have no doubt he will go in the "Great Western Stake," and if a man wants to see the "agony piled high" just let him get Wagner, or Balie Peyton, or Hornblower, or even old White-nose, in that snap. They are mortal folks, and the way they do hold up for man or horse is the right way. But they are a generous people, and though it is awfully painful to give up "*Harry of the West*," yet it would do you good to see them spread themselves for "Old Tippecanoe." In haste yours, N.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

In our last we gave but a meagre report of the last two day's racing—an omission our correspondent now enables us to supply :—

THURSDAY, Jan. 30—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $40, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.	*Craig*	2	1	1
Hammond & Tuggle's ch. h. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 6 yrs.		3	3	2
Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs.		1	2	dr

Time, 8:00—8:01—8:08. Run in the rain.

This race excited unusual interest. The weather was extremely unfavorable; there was a brisk shower of rain during both heats. Mary Elizabeth the favorite. The condition of Santa Anna, as seen when stripped, did great credit to his trainer, Mr. Stewart. Mary Elizabeth was rather too high in flesh for a bruising four mile race. Gerow was in much better plight than could be expected from a nag that had been hacked and knocked about as he has. Gerow took the lead, with the filly close up, and Santa Anna trailing under a steady pull. At the end of the back stretch, the filly shot past Gerow, and came in swinging in front, completing the 1st mile in 2:08. Without any change of consequence, the filly led to the last mile, time, 2d mile, 2:01, 3d mile, 1:57. In the last half mile Santa Anna made play, and challenged Mary Elizabeth; they ran together for a short distance, when Craig was ordered to throw away the heat, and the filly came home, winning with much apparent ease.

2d heat.—Betting, 2 to 1 on Mary Elizabeth. Santa Anna made all the running in front to the first two miles and a half, when the filly made a desperate effort, and succeeded in lapping him. They made a beautiful race down the quarter stretch, Gerow some fifty yards in the rear. About half a mile from home, the filly declined, when Craig took a steady pull upon Santa Anna, and continued to lead, winning the heat hard in hand.

3d heat.—Betting now was dollars to cents in favor of Santa Anna, the filly being withdrawn. The Mexican had no difficulty in disposing of Gerow, and won the race with all the ease imaginable.

FRIDAY, Jan. 31—Purse $400, ent. $20, conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. Edmonson's gr. m. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs.	1	1	2	1
M. L. Hammond's ch. f. *Zenobia*, by Imp. Roman, out of Dove by Duroc, 4 y.	3	2	3	2
Capt. D. Rowe's b. f. *Saltcatcher*, by Vertumnus, dam by Kosciusko, 3 yrs.	2	3	1	3

Time, 1:53—1:52—1:50—1:53.

Alice Ann the favorite vs. the field. Alice had a good start, made the running at a good pace, was never headed, and won the heat pretty handily.—2d heat. Saltcatcher led to the half-mile post, where Alice Ann passed her. Zenobia now came forward, made play, and ran Alice to the throat-latch.—3d heat. Saltcatcher got a good send off, and went away at a merry lick, with the grey mare close upon her heels. They ran a beautiful race down the quarter stretch, the filly only beating Alice by about a head.—In the 4th heat, Saltcatcher and Alice both went at it from the score, and kept close together till the last quarter, when Saltcatcher gave it up. Zenobia, who was some yards in the rear, now took up the running, and made a pretty race of it home, Alice Ann winning the race by about half a length only.

Memoir of Shark.

PEDIGREE, CHARACTERISTICS, AND PERFORMANCES OF

SHARK,

ACCOMPANIED WITH HIS PORTRAIT,

Engraved on Steel, by DICK, from an Original Painting by TROYE,

EXPRESSLY FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

The subject of the following memoir is eminently distinguished by his blood, his performances, and his services in the breeding stud. His family have ever been characterized by an unusual ability to go a distance and train on, while they have not been less remarkable for a fine turn of speed, united to unflinching, indomitable game. This matter is so generally known and appreciated, that no necessity exists for our making a single remark with regard to Shark's immediate family, who have appeared on the Turf within the last ten years. Of his illustrious ancestry, it is enough to say, that while his sire was the most distinguished race horse of his day, and has proved himself one of the best stallions this country has produced, his dam and grandam in their day were unrivalled either as racers or brood mares. Indeed, in 1837, the produce of Lady Lightfoot was excluded from starting in a Stallion Stake to be run over the Central Course, Baltimore. The grandam of Shark had no superior on the Turf, and what adds still more to her "never-dying fame," she ran on to her *fourteenth year!* She was herself out of a celebrated race mare by Imported *Shark*, one of the best racers and stallions in England. At 3 yrs. old, when she was known as "SELDEN's *Maria*," she was sold to Mr. ALEXANDER for $2000, an immense price in those days. In the same year, 1799, she was purchased jointly by the late Col. JOHN TAYLOE, of Virginia, and the late Gen WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, to match Shark, and went into the stable of the latter, under the name of "*Black Maria.*" Gen. H. soon after purchased Col. T.'s interest in her, and not only won his match, but carried off every purse for which he entered her. Subsequently she passed into the hands of Col. W. ALSTON, of S. C., who after running her a few seasons, sold her back to Col. Tayloe, at 14 years of age, for $2500, then the highest price ever paid for a brood mare. *Lady Lightfoot*, the dam of Shark, was the most distinguished performer of her day, having won between twenty and thirty races, the majority at four mile heats, never having been beaten but once, except in her old age—her *eleventh year*—and then by Eclipse, on the Union Course. She was bred by the late Col. John Tayloe, of Va., and was foaled at Mr. OGLE's seat, Bel-air, Prince George's County, Md., in June, 1812. She was purchased by CHARLES HENRY HALL, Esq., of Harlem, New York, in 1824, of Maj. WILLIAM JONES, of Cold Spring, Long Island, and the late Dr. ALEXANDER HOSACK, of this city, for $1500, with a bay filly at her foot, called *Camilla*, which died the following year. Lady Lightfoot, in Mr. Hall's possession, subsequently produced the following distinguished horses, and died from the effects of a violent cold in 1834, two days after the last named filly was foaled.

1825—Bl. c. *Eclipse Lightfoot*, by Eclipse; sold at 7 yrs. old, for $10,000, to Va.
1826—Bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse; sold at 13 yrs. old, for $5000 to Hon. B. PEYTON.
1827—Missed to Eclipse.
1828—Ch. f. *Screamer*, by Henry; sold at 17 months old to W. LIVINGSTON, Esq., for $500.
1829—Br. c. *Terror*, by Eclipse; sold at 7 months old to the same gentleman, for $1000.
1830—Bl. c. SHARK, by Eclipse; sold at 4 yrs. old to the late J.C. CRAIG, Esq., for $17,500.
1831—B. f. *Bay Maria*, by Eclipse; sold at 4 yrs. old to Col. W. HAMPTON, of S.C., for $6000.
1832—Missed to Imp. Serab.
1833—Bl. f. *Harlaem Lass*, by Shark (her brother). } Still owned by Mr. Hall;
1834—B. f. *Young Lady Lightfoot*, by Eclipse. } the first has never been trained.

Probably the produce of no mare in America has realized for their owners a larger amount than Lady Lightfoot; and Black and Bay Maria, her daughters, promise to perpetuate her reputation in the breeding stud as they did upon the Turf; the subject of this memoir, especially, has added new laurels to the many won by his family, and is now justly considered one of the most prominent native stallions of the day. As has been shown, Shark was bred by Mr. Hall in 1830. He was got by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy—her dam Black Maria by Imp. Shark—g. g. dam (the dam of Vingt'un, by Imp Diomed) a celebrated race mare by Imp. Clockfast (a half brother to Medley, by Gimcrack)—g. g. g. dam Fitzhugh's famous running mare Maria, by Regulus, etc.

The painting from which Shark's portrait was engraved was executed in the Spring of 1834, immediately after his race at four mile heats, on the Union Course, in which he beat Black Maria, Alice Grey, Charles Kemble, and others It was considered a very striking likeness at the time, as was that of George Nelson, his clever jockey, who is represented as holding him, when "sitting for his picture," but being taken when the horse was in training for four mile heats, after a severe race of twelve miles, it gives him, by comparison, a coarser head and lighter barrel than justly belong to him. Since he has been withdrawn from the Turf, his frame has become enlarged, and he has filled out to such a degree that his head seems smaller and better shaped than a majority of the get of Eclipse. Shark is not so tall as his sister Black Maria, but there is "a family likeness" in many other respects; his form has more finish than her's, resembling more his younger sister, Bay Maria, one of the most symmetrical, blood-like, and beautiful mares we ever saw. In color he is a jet black, without a white hair about him; a more rich, glossy, satin coat, is rarely seen. He is of good bone and substance, and is put up in high racing form; he measures about fifteen and a half hands, under the standard, and is a horse of great spirit and activity, and of noble presence. The fidelity of the burin of our artist, Mr. DICK, renders it unnecessary for us to detail his "points," and we leave it for our readers to make up their own minds as to his ability to go the pace and distance from his portrait, while we proceed to enumerate his performances.

Shark was purchased of Mr. Hall, when a foal at the side of his dam, for $850, by CHARLES GREEN, Esq., of this city, but remained with his breeder until nearly three years old, when he was put in training. He first came out in a sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, on Long Island, in 1833, as Mr. Green's nomination, which stake he won, after a very capital race. Here is the record:—

1833—*Union Course, L. I.*, Wednesday, May 29—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Six subscribers at $300 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Charles Green's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy	1	2	1
James Bathgate's ch. c. *Midas*, own brother to Medoc, Gypsey, Cora, etc., by Eclipse, out of Young Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Expedition	2	1	2
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. f. by Henry, out of Cinderella by Duroc	6	3	dist.
Maj. W. Jones' ch. c. *Alpha*, by De Witt Clinton—Eleanor by Imp. Expedition	5	4	dist.
John R. Snediker's gr. f. *Damsel*, by Eclipse, out of Garland by Duroc	3	dist.	
Wm. Gibbons' bl. f. *Alert*, by Eclipse Lightfoot—Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt	4	dist.	

Time, 1:53—1:49—1:50.

"An Old Turfman" gives the following spirited report of this race in the "New York Sporting Magazine," *vide* vol. i., page 188:—

Shark the favorite, and Shark and Midas against the field,—I took an attentive view of some of them when stripped, and when the word "saddle your horses" proceeded from the judges' stand, Shark appeared rather too high in flesh, Midas was about the right pitch, for a large bony three year old, but neither drawn fine enough, or sufficiently rounded up; there was too much drop in his waist. The condition of Alert did not please, the others looked pretty well. All being ready, "Come up evenly," said the starter, and instantly the drum gave the signal to be off; away they went, the Gray Filly leading, Shark next, Midas third, though all well together, and the other three close up and lapped upon each other. After getting round the turn, they all went at a telling pace down the back stretch. Shark showed that he had something to spare, and Midas in hand; about the half mile mark, Garland fell back. In going up the rising ground, Midas made his run, went up to Shark, challenged and headed him on the outside, but could not draw clear and take the track; they swept round the north bend at a slapping pace; here it was evident that the others stood no chance; they now entered upon the quarter stretch, both "out," going the whole, the boys calling upon them *persuasively*; at the 2 mile distance, they ran a "dead lock," the rally was severe. Ten rods from home Shark headed, and won by a neck, time, 1 minute 53 seconds. Damsel ran a good third, Alert 4th, Alpha 5th, and the Cinderella filly, laying back, 6th.

2d heat.—There were two or three attempts to get away before they could effect it—at length they got away; Mr. Robert Stevens' colt made the running round the turn. In going down the back stretch Shark made play, and at the half mile took the lead (here Damsel was completely beat;) the pace was now pretty good, Midas waiting upon him, and Alert fell far behind. When they were about 60 rods from home, Midas being on the outside of the track, threw himself out, and came up at a rattling pace, headed and crossed to the inside and took the track. Shark made every effort to recover the lead, but in vain, Midas went "the pace," and beat him in, by two lengths. Mr. R. Stevens' filly by Henry, 3d, Alpha 4th, Damsel and Alert distanced.

3d Heat.—The race from the end of the first half mile of the first heat evidently lay between Shark and Midas, and it now belonged to either; nothing had been voluntarily yielded, the bets continued even, although Midas, having won the last heat in good style, was the favorite. Great excitement now prevailed: Midas was entitled to the inside, Shark next in order, the Henry colt out of Cinderella, 3d, and Mr. Jones' Alpha, outside. At the word they all went well away, Alpha, running for the lead, locked Midas, and they went abreast, and in front of the other two, round the turn. In going down the back side, Midas drew out clear, followed by Shark; Alpha was here shook off, and Mr. Stevens' Henry colt of no account. Midas kept his rate at a racing pace; in sweeping round, about the middle of the north turn, Shark went up; every eye was on them, not a word was heard, scarce a breathing, a pin let fall might have been heard to tinkle; down and at it they were, belly to the ground, all in stride; steady, my boys, mind how you make the last turn, a length there, is worth three in straight work! take well off, if you would make strong running from it; pull him well together going round, if you yaw you are gone! Shark has it at the turn. They are coming up the stretch—now Midas, my big fellow, for your stride in straight running, if you swerve an inch you are lost; support him well with the hand, my boy, and let him extend, it is your only chance; Shark is at it, busy as a turnspit—the rally home is trying—Shark leads—"keep his mouth alive," "the pace is too good" to last—Midas is "abroad"—Shark heads him two lengths,—are home—Alpha and Henry filly, no where—time 1 minute 50 seconds.

Immediately after the brilliant performance described above, Shark was sold to Capt. STOCKTON, U. S. N., of Princeton, N. J., for something exceeding $8000—the highest price, probably, ever paid in this country at that time for a three year old.

Shark's next appearance was at Trenton, in a race for all ages, mile heats, as follows:—

1833—*Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J.*, Thursday, Sept. 26—Purse $150, for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 3 yrs	1	1
M. Irvin's h. *John Stevens*, by Henry, dam by Arab, 5 yrs	3	2
Lucien Murat's h. *Jesse Fowler*, by Childers, 5 yrs	2	3
J. H. Van Mater's gr. h. *Shamrock*, by Tormentor, dam by Hickory, 5 yrs	4	4
John C. Craig's gr. f. *Blue Bird*, by Medley, out of Coquette by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	bolt.	
W. Hague's c. *Orphan Boy*, by Mark Anthony, dam by Nappertandy, 4 yrs	dist.	
S. Lenox's m. *Black Eyed Susan*, by American Boy, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:51½—1:51.

A very good race, and won cleverly. The following week Shark was sent to Long Island to run for a sweepstakes, which he won, beating Sidi Hamet and Jesup. The "Turf Register" in its report says (at page 157, vol. v.) that "this race was won in handsome style by Shark, and he ranks, in the estimation of many, as the best 3 yr. old on the continent. Beating these two fine colts has won him still greater renown." Record:—

1833—*Union Course, L. I.*, Tuesday, Oct 1—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at $500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse	1	1
C. Green's (Maj. Wm. Jones') b. c. *Sidi Hamet*, by Eclipse—Princess by Defiance	3	2
John C. Craig's gr. c. *Jesup*, by Medley, out of Betsey Robinson	2	3

Time, 3:48—3:55.

In the "N. Y. Sporting Magazine," vol. i., page 393, we find the annexed report of this fine race:—

Shark and Jesup were both backed freely, by their respective friends of the North and South, Shark rather the favorite, and before the start, 5 to 4 upon him, Sidi Hamet was not thought of.

After two or three unsuccessful attempts, they got off very well. Shark being inside, he made running for the lead and obtained it, Jesup next to him, Sidi Hamet last, yet all well together. Thus they went the first mile at a good racing pace; as they past the stand, Jesup made a dash and went up upon Shark's quarter, and made severe running in the commencement of the second round from the post to the hill, about half a mile. In ascending the rising ground he fell back a length; Shark kept on steadily, having something to spare. In sweeping round the north bend, persuasion was applied to Cadet, and the argument was very freely made use of. In coming up the stretch, all was in vain; Shark led home two lengths in advance, under a hard pull; run in 3 min. 48 sec.

2d Heat.—Shark led off rapidly, Jesup second, Hamet close upon him, and both well up. In going down the back stretch Sidi Hamet made a run, passed Jesup, and went close up to Shark—he maintained this position for about 200 yards, when he fell back, and Jesup resumed his former place. They thus came round at a rattling pace, passed the stand, making severe running round the south bend of the second mile. In going along the back part of the course, Jesup was evidently beat, here Sidi Hamet passed him; Shark kept up the running, was never headed, and came home hard in hand, beating Sidi Hamet three lengths, Jesup being ten lengths in the rear. Run in 3 min. 55 sec.

This race closed Shark's first year on the Turf, in which he had won nearly $4000. In the following Spring he came out for quite a different sort of thing, and in his first trial at four mile heats he beat one of the strongest fields that ever started on Long Island. Record:—

1834—*Union Course, L. I.*, First Spring Meeting, Friday, May 9—Jockey Club Purse $1000, for all ages, weights as before noted on this Course. Four mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs	6	1	1
John C. Stevens' bl. m. *Black Maria*, (own sister to Shark,) aged	3	2	2
W. Livingston's gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Henry—Sport's-mistress by Hickory, 5 y.	2	3	3
Maj. Jas. M. Selden's b. c. *Charles Kemble*, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.	1	4	4
Samuel Laird's b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	4	5	5
John M. Botts' b. h. *Rolla*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs	5	dr	

Time, 7:54—7:57—8:03.

The Secretary, in his report of the meeting at which this race took place, states that "throughout the week the track was bad and heavy, it having rained every day, and some days very hard." The betting between the friends of Shark, Alice Grey, Black Maria, and Charles Kemble, was immense, and notwithstanding the rain a great number of spectators were in attendance. The race was exceedingly well contested, and the result placed Shark "at the top of the tree" for a time. At the Second Meeting on the Island, however, he was compelled to yield his blushing honors to "the invincible Trifle." But he could not have been up to the mark in condition on this occasion, for he had made better time in the rain, over the same course, than she did in the following race:—

1834—*Union Course, L. I.*, Second Spring Meeting, Friday, June 6—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages, weights as before given. Four mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. m. *Trifle*, by Sir Charles, dam by Cicero, 6 yrs	1	1
W. Livingston's gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Henry—Sport's-mistress by Hickory, 5 yrs	3	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs	2	3

Time, 7:57—8:07.

We next hear of Shark at Trenton, in the following September, where he won the Three mile heats purse at his ease. It should be stated that at this meeting no purse for *four* mile heats was offered to be run for.

1834—*Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J.*, Thursday, Sept. 27—Purse $400, free for all ages, weights the same as before given. Three mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs	1	1
James K. Van Mater's b. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, by John Richards, 4 yrs	3	2
S. Laird's b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	4	3
T. H. Rowlett's b. m. *Queen Dido*, by John Richards, dam by Duroc, 6 yrs	2	dr

Time, 6.01—5:51.

After this race Shark was taken to Baltimore, and a second time met Trifle. The result is annexed:—

1834—*Central Course, Baltimore, Md.*, Thursday, Oct. 23—Jockey Club Purse $1000, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. m. *Trifle*, by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's bl. c. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 4 yrs	3	2
Maj. J. M. Selden's b. c. *Charles Kemble*, by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2	3
Col. John Crowell's ch. h. *Robin Hood*, by Henry, dam by Hickory, 5 yrs	4	4
Wm. H. Minge's gr. c. *Blue Streak*, by Medley, 4 yrs	5	dist.

Time, 7:58—7:49.

It would scarcely be believed, from the bare record of this race, that Shark was sold immediately after it for $17,500—the largest amount ever paid in America, at the time, for a race horse! Yet such was the fact. Mr. SKINNER, the then editor of the "Turf Register," called special attention to the condition of Shark at the time (*vide* vol. vi., page 195) from which we quote:—

"We feel that it would be an act of omission, amounting to positive injustice towards a noble animal, not to set it down that SHARK, in his race at the Central Course, labored under serious disadvantages, which ought to be recorded in explanation of his performance and his defeat.

1st. He was *obviously* and *badly curbed*. The curbs were thrown out, chiefly, within a few days of the race, so as to lame him to the eye the day before but one; and every friend, we believe, but one, dissuaded his gallant owner from starting him at such a palpable disadvantage.

2dly. He had a bad start in the last heat—enough of itself to decide a contest between horses equally matched. Yet how bravely he answered, in spite of severe disorder, to every application of "catgut and steel"—sinking, successively, everything on the turf, except the invincible Trifle, who got off *far ahead* of him; and coming with her, second to the post, in the last heat, in 7m. 49s.!! Few horses have established higher reputation by winning a race, than he, under the circumstances, in the one he lost. The united blood of imported Shark and Lady Lightfoot—of Messenger and Eclipse—is *well sustained* in the Shark of *our day*.

P.S.—J. C. Craig, Esq., of Philadelphia, is now the owner of Shark, having paid for him the neat little sum of *fifteen thousand dollars*, which he will probably have *cleared* when nine years old. There's a rumor about half of the "Bingham wine" to boot, but that's too good to *think* of."

The allusion to the "Bingham wine" reminds us of an anecdote current at the time. A few dozen as "boot" were asked for, we believe, but was not to be had for love, money, nor—Shark. Failing in this, Capt. S., at the Club dinner shortly after, offered to run his colt *Monmouth*, against Mr. C.'s *Fanny Cline*, a match of two miles, laying $1200 vs 12 dozen of "the Bingham."—This, too, was a failure, and in a double sense, for though Fanny won the match and the $1200, Mr. C., upon examination, found that his vault had been entered, and that a great part of his stock of favorite wine was missing! Upon purchasing Shark, Mr. Craig sent him where "the Napoleon" sends all he cannot beat—into the same stable—and subsequently he was trained by Col. JOHNSON.

Immediately upon these arrangements being concluded, Mr. Craig offered a *Challenge* to the following effect:—"That he would run *Shark*, the following Spring, over the Union or Central Course, four mile heats, for $10,000, against any horse on the Continent. If not accepted by the 1st of Jan. next, he will cover at Bristol, Pa., but will not be let to more than twenty mares, at one hundred dollars each."

To the above spirited challenge no response was given until the latter part of March, after Shark had commenced his season, when the following proposition was received from Col. BUTLER, of South Carolina, one of the owners of *Argyle*:—

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 19, 1835.

The friends of Argyle having seen the late challenge of Shark, which expired on the first of January last, "*if it will not be out of order*," now offer to accept it with a slight variation of the terms. The northern laurels of this distinguished racer cannot be much endangered by the genial climate of the South, especially when they will be plentifully watered by the warm streams of Carolina hospitality. Bating any fears of frosts beyond the Potomac, it will be extremely inconvenient for the friends of Argyle, (mere amateurs on the turf,) to run him beyond the limits of this State, but having beaten off the *land snakes*, they feel willing, and desirous, if practicable, to test their Highlander with this celebrated *water* "*varment*." They, therefore, propose to run at Columbia or Charleston, on the day before the next annual races, four mile heats, for $5 or $10,000, half forfeit, at the rate of ten to nine upon Argyle; to be governed by the rules of the course on which the race may be run. This odds is by no means offered to disparage Shark, or to vaunt the prowess of Argyle; but to cover the expenses of a Southern trip, and in some sort make a guest of our noble antagonist; whom we will treat with marked deference on every day save one, and then with the utmost fairness and civility.

An answer will be expected from Shark by the 10th of May next.

Argyle will be five years old next June, and covers by subscription twenty-five mares this season, which has already commenced. P. M. BUTLER.

As advertised, Shark was let to a limited number of mares the season of 1835, and was taken up again in the Fall, but in consequence of having covered, trained and ran unkindly.

1835—*Central Course, Baltimore, Md.*, Monday, Oct. 19—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before noted on this Course. Three subs. at $1000 each, h. ft. Three mile heats.

John E. Dorsey's b. c. *Mazeppa*, by Hotspur, dam by Francisco, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's (J. C. Craig's) bl. h. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 5:56—6:03.

Both Mazeppa and Shark were sadly amiss when started; both were cripples, and they hobbled together, but as Mazeppa ran kindly and Shark did not, "consekens vos," Mazeppa out-hobbled him. Neither ought to have been started. Shark could outfoot Mazeppa on any part of the ground, but behaved very badly; the "Turf Register" states that he "was restive, stubborn and kicking in both heats, and that if he had run kindly, or as he had heretofore done, he must have beaten Mazeppa, even in his crippled condition, as he was certainly very lame."

With another race the record of Shark's performances closes. Would that his owners had not been induced to make another exhibition of his want of condition.

1835—*Union Course, L. I.*, Second Fall Meeting, Saturday, Nov. 7—Purse $500, free for all ages, weights the same as before noted on this Course. Three mile heats.

Alex. L. Botts' ch. c. *Veto*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 3 yrs	1	1
Wm. S. Stotts' b. h. *Sidney*, by Sir Charles, aged	4	2
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. *Mark Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, 3 yrs	3	3
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (J. C. Craig's) bl. h. *Shark*, by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	4
Wm. Gibbons' ch. f. *Merrygold*, by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 6:06—6:15.

This race was run during a storm of rain, which commenced on the afternoon previous, so that the track was ancle deep. This was Shark's last appearance on the Turf.

The following season, that of 1836, Shark stood at Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg Co., Va., at $75, and such was his popularity, that he continued there during the season of 1837, under the direction of Mr. JOHN C. GOODE. In 1838 he was removed to Charlotte Court House, where he remained one year, under the direction of Messrs. Richardson and Gaines, at $60, and last year returned to Long Island, where he stood at $60 and $100, at the stable of Mr. John Drew, near the Union Course. A few months ago he was sold by the Executors of the late lamented JOHN C. CRAIG, Esq., to Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, of near Petersburg, Va., for $10,000. Col. J. at once sent him to Kentucky, and he is advertised to stand the present season at the stable of EDW. H. BLACKBURN, Woodford Co., between Lexington and Frankfort, at $100.

Shark's first colts—his get in 1835—came out last year; it must be recollected that he was limited to a very few mares that season, and ran in the Fall. The first time we find his get figuring in the Racing Calendar is in the report of the Petersburg, Va., Spring Meeting, where Coquette's bay colt, nominated by Col. JOHNSON, won a sweepstakes at mile heats, in 1:54 each heat, beating two of the get of Chateau Margaux. The second appearance of Shark's get was on the Union Course, Long Island, where Mr. GIBBONS' superb brown colt *Mariner*, out of Bonnets o' Blue, beat Mr. R. L. STEVENS' *Tamerlane*, also by Shark, at four heats. Mariner was buck-shinned, and otherwise amiss at the time, but improved every heat. The first, a dead heat, was run in 2:00½—the 2d won by Tamerlane in 1:53—the 3d and 4th, won by Mariner in 2:01—1:57½. In a stake at Tree Hill, on the 1st of May, Mr. KIRBY's br. c. *Camden* was beaten by Col. WHITE's Goliah colt, though he won the 1st heat, and distanced two of Tranby's get; however, on the 21st of the same month he came North, and at Camden beat three other Shark colts, in 1:51—1:52. Thus of the four Shark colts that started during the Spring campaign, three were winners, and in capital time.

In the Fall, Mr. R. L. Stevens' Meg Dodds filly *Midnight* was the first of Shark's get that started. It was in a stake of seven subs., at $300 each, mile heats, which she won, on the Union Course, on the 8th of Oct. In the same week Tamerlane was beaten by Maj. JONES' *Treasurer*, by Imp. Roman. At Washington, Mariner was beaten by Mr. McDANIEL's bay colt by Imp. Whale, but on the following week "gave him Jessy" at Baltimore, at four heats of two miles—one of the best sweepstakes races run within several years. Mariner not only beat the Whale colt, but a filly by Imp. Tranby, and another by Imp. Autocrat, and also John Hunter, Coquette's colt by Shark, who won the 2d heat. The time was 3:49—3:49—3:56—4:03. At the October meeting at Camden, Mr. Kirby's colt Camden won a match of $2000, two mile heats, beating Malinda's colt by Star.

Thus it will be seen that of the seven Shark colts that started last year, five were winners, and one of them is considered quite the most prominent colt of the North. We refer, of course, to *Mariner*, who could not be purchased for a less sum than that paid by Col. Johnson for his sire. But from Shark's colts which make their *debut* the coming season, much more is expected; they are characterized by great symmetry of proportions, fine size and action, and blood-like appearance, and if high prices are any criterion by which to judge of their ability to go the pace and distance, no colts in the country are superior to them.

THE CITY STEEPLE CHACE.

The third annual Metropolitan Steeple Chace took place on Tuesday, in the vicinity of Romford, and as there was an excellent list of competing horses, and the weather particularly auspicious, the assemblage of spectators was perhaps even greater than on either of the former occasions, a vast number of whom availed themselves of the facilities afforded them by the Eastern Counties Railway, the terminus of which is within a few hundred yards of the town. As usual the head-quarters were fixed at Mr. H. Orbell's, the King's Head Inn, which shortly after our arrival overflowed with visitors, among whom we noticed a number of the most influential patrons and admirers of the sport, including a vast throng of well mounted gentlemen from the City, who it appeared had left the *Bulls* and the *Bears* of the Stock Exchange to take care of themselves while they trotted down to witness the chace, and speculate on the chance of success of another description of animal. Various other Inns in the town also participated in the advantages of the attraction, and the *Spicey* four-in-hand and other vehicles containing corinthians of the first order gave additional interest to the bustling scene, which was considerably enlivened by the rays of a brilliant sun giving to the atmosphere the genial warmth of spring. Last year a splendid silver gilt cup was the prize to be contended for, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, but on this occasion Mr. T. Watson, of the Castle, Moorgate, with whom this annual chace originated, announced that the amount subscribed (after the necessary expenses had been deducted), would be given to the winner, and that the stakes would be increased to 15 sovs. each. Under these conditions nine horses were entered including Mr. Munro's b. g. Fieschi, the winner of the Bath open chace the season before last; but as Captain Beecher, who was to have ridden him, met with an accident while hunting, by which his arm was broken, the particulars of which we gave last week, the horse was withdrawn. A day was named for post entries, but no addition was made to the list.

In order to render the day's sport as gratifying as possible, Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, sent down his pack of hounds, and, as a prelude to the steeple chace, a deer was uncarted on Havering common, which went away in good style towards Chelmsford, followed by the owner of the pack, and a numerous and well-mounted field. It was an excellent chace of upwards of an hour and a quarter, the deer taking to water near the above-named town. The gallant animal was saved for another day's sport.

The line of country selected for the steeple chace was nearly the same as that run over last year, and therefore a short description of it will suffice. It ran parallel with the road, leading from the main Brentford-road towards Haveringatte Bower, the starting and winning fields being contiguous to each other, thus affording great convenience to the spectators. The line commenced in a stubble field on the left of Foxburn Wood, and proceeded from thence to a flag placed in "Burnt House Field" adjoining the main Brentford-road, and back to the flags on the top of the hill, within a field from the one in which the start took place. The land was exceedingly heavy, and the hill in question of rather stiffish ascent. Altogether there were about 34 fences, several of which were raspers. The second was a brook with a bad and rather dangerous taking off, owing to the "stubbs" which were left in some places, where the fence on either side had been divested of its "fair proportions." Two lanes and a drift-way intersected the line, and, in order that both horses and riders should have enough to do, some formidable posts and rails were to be encountered about midway. It was principally an undulating grass country, and although it was particularly heavy, none perhaps so short a distance from London could have been selected better adapted for the purpose, and those gentlemen who permitted the line to extend over their land, well merited the praise which was bestowed upon them.

One o'clock was the time named for the riders and their horses to leave the yard of the King's Head Inn; but it was nearly half-past two before the weighing and other preliminaries had been adjusted, and another hour had elapsed, ere the line of competitors was formed. Messrs. Cromlin and Breton kindly officiated as stewards, and Mr. Stone, of Herongate, consented to act as judge. The following horses, with their riders' names attached, were then conducted to the starting place to contend for

A PURSE of sovs., raised by subscription, added to a sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, over four miles, carrying 12st. each; the second horse to save his stake, and the winner to pay 5 sovs. towards the expenses.

Mr. Barker's b. m. The Queen	Owner.
Mr. Goodman Levy's ch. g. Weathercock	Mr. Oliver.
Mr. Goodman Levy's b. h. Vandyke	Mr. W. M'Donough.
Mr. Robinson's b. g. Humbug	Mr. Martin.
Mr. Allen's ch. g. Charles XII.	Mr. Weston.
Mr. Theobald's b. g. The Great Dan	Mr. Murray.
Mr. Elmore's br. g. Lottery	Mr. J. Mason.
Mr. Charlton's b. g. Phosphorus	Mr. J. Littler.

The Queen was the successful competitor in the chace last year for a piece of place at Jackson's and she also ran second in another contest on the same grounds. Subsequently she won a chace at Bedford, and was second last year for the Farmer's stakes at Northampton, notwithstanding she remained in the brook some time after several others had gone away well in advance. Weathercock it will be recollected ran an admirable third at Warwick, being close up to The Nun and Seventy-four at the finish. He was also third last year in chace over the same ground as he ran on Tuesday, and his merits have frequently been put to the test in similar races. Vandyke ran a flat race, two mile heats, with Lottery, about two years since at the Hippodrome, the latter giving him, we believe, 21 lbs. After the first heat Lottery was drawn. He is a dark bay, and his position in this chace proves him to be as good as he looks. Humbug has frequently displayed his capabilities at Jackson's, and so much care had evidently been taken to bring him to the post in the best possible trim on this occasion, that he was looked upon as a very formidable opponent. Charles XII. won the last Beaconsfield Steeple Chace, but although a good lasting horse, was considered rather too slow to have much chance of success on Tuesday. The Great Dan we have no recollection of seeing before. He presents as formidable an appearance as his biped namesake, but we should think he will not prove half so successful in carrying off the *tin*. Of Lottery it would be superfluous to speak, his gallant and successful career being well known we should imagine to every one in any way interested in this description of sport. It was however stated that he had only been in the hands of Dockeray ten days to train for this chace, and that from the fact of there not being time to get him into proper condition, he would go to the post at least a couple of stone a worse horse than he was when he last appeared in public. The report that he *piped* a little is totally unfounded, and if any proof were necessary that such is not and never was the fact, we have only to state that his owner was but a few days since offered by a highly influential sportsman 2,000 guineas for him, which was refused. Phosphorus, we should think, is nearly thorough-bred; it was, we believe, his *debut* in the character of a steeple-chacer, and, although he was not quite "up" in his part, he showed so much ability that we expect ere long to have to record his complete success in this line. He is, we understand, the property of Mr. Teel, of the Lea Bridge-road, and that Mr. Charlton, in whose name he is entered, is the trainer.

There was but little betting that we heard of, although a ring was formed in the yard of the King's Head Inn; for, notwithstanding it was reported, and generally believed to be correct, that Lottery was not up to the mark, very few could be prevailed upon to take the field against him, even at the odds of five to four, which was offered on him. Humbug was the second favorite, but at no definite price.

At 22 minutes to four the word "off" was given, and the lot got well away together. Vandyke quickly showing in front, with Lottery close in his wake, Humbug lying third, and the others in a ruck down the hill on which the winning flags were placed. The second fence, which is called the brook, and which we alluded to above, Vandyke cleared in advance in excellent style. The Great Dan came next, but had a *porter*. Lottery went over it third, followed by the others; they all got well on the other side at the first trial excepting Phosphorus, who refused, and, when his rider succeeded in getting him over the difficulty, the animal became unmanageable and parted company, making to the right of the field, and as Littler was compelled to pass between the flags lower down the line he consequently rode over much more ground than his companions. Dan was soon on his legs again and at work, and, as the others pulled up and trotted over the ploughed field, the lot shortly got close together again. Lottery, we believe, was the first to jump into the lane, followed by Humbug, the rest being well up in the next field, where Vandyke resumed the lead over two pretty good bullfinches to the bank and hedge, with some posts and rails on the other side. Mr. M'Donough put his horse to it boldly in advance, but Vandyke did not do his work so cleverly as was expected by his rider, for he struck the rail and broke it, leaving an opening for Humbug, Lottery, the Queen, Weathercock, and the remaining horses, all of which got safely through; Vandyke, unchecked by his collision with the wood, proceeded rather to the left, which track was pursued by all the riders excepting Barker, who steered the Queen to the right, and stole a march on the others, who were obliged to turn short round and follow the course taken by her Majesty. Lottery and Vandyke were soon alongside the Queen, and the rest were not far distant, for the pace, owing to the heavy state of the ground, was anything but good. All got well over the second lane, and at this point there were some fair hunting leaps. Vandyke, in the last field but one from the extreme end, again showed in front, and Phosphorus, overpowering his rider, who throughout had a hard task to keep him in anything like order, ran close alongside the leading horse. The last fence before the turn was taken by Vandyke, Lottery, the Queen, and Phosphorus, being abreast of each other in the last field. The Great Dan now showed conspicuously, and Phosphorus, by his hard pulling, was first round the distance flag: but, by the circuit he made, lost the advantage, which otherwise might have arisen from it. All were close together, and Lottery, Queen, Weathercock, and, we believe, Humbug, pulled up and walked short round the flag-post. On turning their horses' heads towards home, Lottery and Vandyke went away in front, followed by the Queen and Humbug, which latter two took their fences pretty well together to the lane. The Queen having got over it in excellent style went ahead of the lot, and led to the post and rails, the one broken in going having been repaired in the interim. Unfortunately for Barker, but fortunately, perhaps, for some of the others, the Queen struck the rail with her chest, and, slipping on her quarters, rolled into the ditch on her back, the bystanders observing that Barker ougkt to be tried for high treason for placing her Majesty in such a position. As the Queen was endeavoring to extricate herself, Lottery gave her a kick and sent her back again. Vandyke followed Lottery over this fence which was so fatal to the success of royalty. Humbug took it nearly standing, and Weathercock cleared it fourth. For four fields Humbug took his fences nearly abreast of Lottery, when Martin parted company with Mason and steered for an easy place by the side of a pond, into which the animal jumped and gave his rider a sousing. The water was so deep that the horse went completely under. He however, soon showed his head, but Martin, fearing that he might again go down, divested his feet of the stirrups, and laid hold of the horse's mane, intending, no doubt, to leave him should he give any symptoms of going under a second time. Such a course was not necessary, for Humbug swam to the opposite side and landed safely with Martin on his back. Weathercock at this point was also placed *hors de combat*, for Oliver, in endeavoring to avoid a similar mishap to that which befel Martin, turned his horse sharp to the right, and the animal fell sideways into a ditch. The Great Dan also had another purl after getting over the post and rails, and Charles the Twelfth stopped, we believe, in the lane. The race was now between Lottery and Vandyke, the rider of the latter urging on his steed to increased exertion by the use of the persuaders. They breasted the hill together, but Lottery shot up it and won easily by rather more than a length. Phosphorus, although at one time a long way in the rear, came in a respectable third. Barker a short time after brought in the Queen, and was followed by Oliver and Martin. Dan and Charles did not make their appearance while we remained in the field, and, we belleve, they never came up to the winning flags at all. The distance was about three miles and a half, and 14 minutes were taken to go over it. Vandyke was much distressed, but not so Lottery. Mr. M'Donough rode boldly and exceedingly well throughout; in fact the horse could not have been better ridden.

There was a dinner at the King's Head, at which, we uuderstand, Mr. Goodman Levy objected to the owner of Lottery receiving the stakes, on the ground that Mason went on the wrong side of a flag. Mr. M'Donough, in answer to our inquiries on Thursday at Jackson's, informed us that he never saw Mason infringe on the rules laid down, and that the charge did not originate with him. We are also informed that no complaint had been made to the umpire. The stakes will, therefore, no doubt, be handed over to Mr. Elmore at the steeple chace dinner, at the Castle Tavern, Moorgate, to-morrow (Monday) evening.

Great credit is due to Mr. Watson for his zeal and indefatigable activity in getting up and satisfactorily bringing to a conclusion this day's sport. Mr. Orbell had "the Lion's Share" of the reward on the day, but we trust ar the meeting at the Castle, Moorgate, to-morrow, proof will be given that "the parent of the spree" is duly considered.

[The conditions of the race provided that the owner of the *second* horse should save his stake, so it was printed in the cards, and so was it worded in the advertisement forwarded to this office, and inserted in our paper of the 8th inst.; our compositors, however, by a remarkable effort of genius, converted second into *third*, and led the owner of Phosphorus into a belief that he was entitled to receive back his stake; the blunder almost corrects itself, and we take it for granted that Mr. Teale will not press a claim obviously opposed to equity, and the true meaning of the articles.] Bell's Life.

Agricultural.

ESSAY ON STALL FEEDING CATTLE.

BY C. HILLYARD, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FARMING AND GRAZING SOCIETY.

A prize of Twenty Sovereigns having been offered by the English Agricultural Society for the best account of Stall Feeding Cattle, to be sent in before the 1st of March, the Essay was sent in before the appointed day. At the latter end of April there were sent to the writer for circulation a list of all the prizes offered, which list contained the following conditions:—

Competitors for the Essay on Stall Feeding must state:—

1. The number and sort of cattle placed in the stalls.
2. Their estimated value.
3. The period of the year when put up.
4. Whether the cattle were tied up or not.
5. The times when the food was given; whether always given at the same hour each day.
6. The quantity of food given.
7. The price paid for what was bought, if any, and the estimated quantity and value of what was produced on the farm.
8. The price for which the cattle were sold, and the time when.

3, 4, 5, 6, answered.
1, 2, 7, 8, might have been very easily answered

Under the conviction that no one has had more experience or bestowed more attention to stall feeding, the writer of this is induced to become a candidate for the prize offered by the English Agricultural Society, for the best account of stall feeding cattle.

It is the writer's opinion that on all arable turnip land farms, beasts should be stall fed, in numbers according to the size of the farms; and also to have store beasts in the farm yards to eat straw, and the refuse hay, which the stall feeding beasts will not eat; to trample the dung thrown out of the stalls, and thus have all the straw produced on the farms turned into good manure.

Many occupiers of entirely grass farms, stall feed for six weeks before Christmas, the greater part of their best beasts; in thus doing they look chiefly to the increased value of their beasts; the dung being of little value to them compared to what it is to the occupiers of arable land.

The writer of this has for many years put into the stalls, the latter end of October, five and thirty bullocks, and as they have been taken out fat, has replaced them by others. Three men and a boy are necessary to attend this number of beasts. The boy and two men to cut the turnips with the machine, to feed &c, the other man to assist in throwing out the dung in the morning, and the remainder of the day in cutting clover hay into chaff; so that the weekly expense of attending beasts in the stall cannot be estimated at less than one shilling each: this, and the value of the food consumed, makes stall feeding very expensive. It is for the occupiers of arable land farms to consider whether being at such expense is likely to answer their purpose. Near large towns it cannot, for there straw can be exchanged for good dung. Buying manure and fetching it from a distance, the wear and tear is so great it cannot answer excepting where the produce of the farm is drawn to market. Those who with their arable have good grazing land, may turn their straw into good fair manure by giving their store beasts in the yard eating straw, three feeds daily of half a bushel of cut turnips; thus when they are turned out on good grazing land, they will become good meat the latter end of the summer or beginning of autumn, when good beef, from not being then plentiful, generally fetches a good price in Smithfield market.

In Norfolk it is a common practice to give store beasts in the fold-yard eating straw, as much linseed oil-cake as they will eat, this is getting good manure at an expense that cannot possibly answer but on very weak land at very low rents. It is a mistaken notion that beasts can be better fed in Norfolk than elsewhere. It is quite true that they are generally better fed, because it answers the purpose of Norfolk occupiers of land to keep them longer in the stalls.

Meat cannot be laid on lean beasts to pay the expenses of stall feeding, allowing the utmost value of the dung produced; they should be half fat when put in the stalls: and the price of beef higher when they come out than when they were put in, to repay the great expenses of stall-feeding.

Beasts when first put up may, for a short time, be kept on common turnips and hay, to keep their bodies from being heated by the great change of the atmosphere of the field to that of the house; but common turnips, from having so great a portion of water in them, will do very little towards feeding.

For stall feeding on a large scale there ought to be a mill on the premises to grind the corn into flour, thus getting rid of the miller's toll, the trouble, inconvenience, and expense of sending to and fro to the mill, the stall feeder thus having meal, the produce of his own grain. There are hand-mills made to grind corn into flour, but the grinding being by stones, they require so many men to work them, that one worked by a horse would answer much better. The hand steel mills which are sold to grind corn into flour will only break it. A one horse chaff cutter would be most useful where there is much stall feeding, and in fact on every large farm.

In Norfolk the greater part of the beasts are fed in yards with sheds. Polled Scots, and their polled home-breds may do as well as if tied up, but horned beasts certainly do not.

Stall feeding answers better in Norfolk than in most other counties, the land in general being so weak as to require more manure to raise good crops of turnips and corn, rents therefore are generally lower than elsewhere, which enables the occupiers to be at a greater expense for manure, and thus to keep their beasts longer in the stalls, and make them very fine meat for the London market in the spring, when so great a portion of the wealthy people of the country are in town, and can afford to pay the highest price for the best beef, which at that season of the year is Norfolk fed Scotch, which will travel the long distance to London, with less injury to their carcases than any other kinds of beasts. Stall feeding beasts should have plenty of straw under them, the straw saturated with their urine and droppings, thrown out, and their beds shook up after each time of feeding; they will then soon lie down, and this tends to their making great progress in becoming fat.

If beasts have much hair on their necks and chins, it should be cut off on their being tied up, as it is apt to become so matted together as to make them feel itchy and uncomfortable. Curry combing and brushing them does good.

An ox house ought to have a manger with two divisions for each beast, and a water trough for every two; and over the manger a rack for hay. There should be windows convenient for throwing out the dung and letting in plenty of air on the beasts first going in; and afterwards so to close, that be the weather warm or cold, the house may be always kept in one equal and tolerably warm temperature.

Beasts should be pushed on by degrees to fatten, not so highly fed at first as to cloy their appetite. The system of feeding pursued by the writer for many years has been this,—for the first ten days or fortnight of tying up; three feeds daily, of half a bushel each of cut turnips, and as much hay, night, morning, and middle of the day, as they will eat. The next fortnight the same feeds of turnips, with three feeds of cut hay, with a little less than a gallon of bean or barley meal in the whole; with a small quantity of fresh made linseed oil, just to flavor it; hay put into the rack after the first feed of turnips, and as much at night as they are likely to consume before morning.

When on full feeding it is thus:—first feed in the morning, half a bushel of cut turnips, directly afterwards half a bushel of cut hay, with about a pint and a half of meal in it. These feeds repeated at noon, and in the afternoon, and supped up at night, with hay in the rack, and three oil-cakes, of three pounds each, in the manger.

If oil-cake is high priced and linseed not, it may be substituted for it, by being mixed with the cut hay and meal. Boiling it is best, because that best dissolves it, and also prevents the numerous seeds of weeds in it from vegetating; but it will do pretty well if steeped in boiling water; and so it will in cold if broken in a hand-mill, and using seven tubs, so that when given to the beasts it will have been steeped seven days, and thus become a complete jelly. When boiled or steeped in hot water, it will become sour in a few days, in which state it cannot be so good for beasts, although they might not reject it.

The different weekly cost of the food consumed by each beast will be as follows, including the expences of getting up, carting and cutting the turnips and hay; and also the expense of attending the beasts, taking into consideration the extra value of the manure.

Feed No. 1.	*s.*	*d.*
10½ bushels of Swede turnips	2	9
1¾ cwt. of hay	5	3
	8	0

Feed No. 2.		
Turnips	2	9
Hay, 1¼ cwt., cut and uncut	3	9
Meal, 6 gallons, mixed with the cut hay	3	0
Linseed oil, a pint	0	6
	10	0

Feed No. 3.		
Turnips	2	9
Hay, cut and uncut	3	3
Oil cake, 63 lbs., costing at home £11 a ton	6	0
Meal, 4 gallons	2	0
	14	0

Finding at Christmas 1838 that I could not get English oil cake to cost me at home less than four pence the three pound cake, about £12 10s. per ton, I determined to feed the five-and-thirty beasts then in my stalls in the following way; and I never had beasts that cost so low a price, become better meat; at the same time acknowledging that the process of preparing the food was very troublesome, and therefore should not recommend this mode of feeding, without the master looked to it himself, or had men he could depend on.

Feed No 4.	s.	d.
Three feeds daily of half a bushel of cut hay, which is five pounds, and four pounds of uncut at night, 1 cwt. a week	3	0
Boiled Linseed, 2lbs. daily, seven shillings per bushel	2	0
Meal, barley, and bean mixed, 3½ gallons	1	9
Potatoes boiled, 1½ gallons daily	1	6
Molasses, which is of a feeding nature, but given ¼ lb. daily, to make the mixture of cut hay, linseed, meal, and potatoes palatable	0	9
Turnips, ten bushels	2	5
	11	6

With a proper steaming apparatus, potatoes are a cheap and good food for stall-feeding.

Beasts may be fattened with little trouble and expense, with good feeding hay and raw potatoes; but not more than three pecks daily should be given, being of so heating a nature; if more is given, the beasts are likely to have all their hair come off, and to be greasy healed.

Linseed oil cake is merely the husks of the seed after the oil is pressed out. Could my mixture of food in No. 4 feed be so pressed together as to form a cake, there cannot be a doubt but it would be as feeding. At the time the oil cake would have cost me eighteen pence per stone, this cost me, or I should say was of the value of one shilling.

Linseed without being mixed with other food would be of too relaxing a nature.

I tried sago, which in the summer of 1838, was less than three half pence a pound, but it did not answer for stall feeding. It is well known to be good for weaned calves.

The comparative cost per stone of 14 lbs for different kinds of food for stall feeding, is as follows:—

Linseed oil cake costing the consumer at home £10 per ton, 1s. 3d.; linseed at 56s. per qr., 1s. 11½lb.; meal and barley, 30s. per qr., 1s.; bean meal a stronger food, beans at 36s. per qr., 1s.; steamed or boiled potatoes on the average, about 4d. One stone of linseed in a mixture of feed will do as much towards fattening as two of cake.

The making out how the expenses of stall feeding are repaid, should be thus. The worth of each beast, on going into the stall should be entered into an account; at the bottom of which should be the value of all the different kinds of food consumed. Turnips, six or seven pounds an acre, about the value to be eat on the land by sheep; taking the turnips off may be said to be robbing the land of manure; but it is only borrowing from a part of the farm which is rich, to lay it on other parts where it is wanted. Hay at three pounds a ton is a full price being consumed on the farm.

To ascertain the profit of each beast must be in this manner. The average cost of the keep for each beast will be for the first month, 9s. per week—the month £1 16s.; the cost for the next month, £2 2s.—for the last fortnight, £1 8s.; whole amount, £5 6s. Ten weeks is the time calculated for feeding, because beasts ought to be in that forward state when put into the stall, as not to require more time to come out fat.

An estimate of the gain or loss in the feeding, may be made out in this way. Beasts of a moderate size, if half fat when put into the stalls, will increase in the first month about 8 stone of 8lbs., in the next month about 10 stone; in the last fortnight, 6 stone. The whole increase of weight in ten weeks stall feeding, 24 stone, which at 4s. 4d. a stone, amounts to £5 9s. When interest of money and risk is considered, this shows a poor account. But if the value of beasts when put into the stalls was estimated at 3s. 8d. a stone, and the worth of them when they came out was 4s. 4d. this would give a profit of £3 6s. 8d. on each beast of 100 stone. Often has the writer found no advance in price, and some years a decrease.

Although it may at times be doubted, if stall feeding proves to be a benefit to those who are engaged in it, it will always be beneficial to the public, by increasing the quantity of animal food for market. Landlords should encourage stall feeding, for it is a likely means of having their arable farms enriched; besides which it gives employment to laborers on their estates, at that time of the year when it is in many parishes difficult for them to obtain it. They should permit tenants to plough grass land that does not produce a good herbage, on condition that they stall-feed, and thus make a great quantity of manure. A profitable crop of oats the first year, and a crop of wheat the next year may be obtained, a summer fallow the year after, if not turnip land, and with a crop of barley the year following, the proper seeds may be sown with it to bring the land, which produced a bad herbage, into a good pasture.

After all the great trouble and expense of stall feeding, this mortifying circumstance has frequently occurred. Smithfield being overstocked, beasts have been sold there at less than they were worth in any other market; the butchers knowing that the beasts after their driving, and being so knocked about

in the market, were so injured it could not answer to turn them out to come in the next market-day, therefore bought them at their own prices. This often serious loss to stall feeders and graziers, may in future be prevented if all the different large droves of fat beasts destined for the London market can be conveyed by railroad at the same time, which appears doubtful. As the population of the country increases there must be an increased demand for beef; the increased supply must come from stall feeders, for there can be no increase of the acres of feeding land. Twenty years ago there were but few beasts but mine stall-fed in my neighborhood. Now there are many.

Stall-feeding is generally supposed likely to answer best when the price of corn is low, but the old saying of "down corn, down horn" should be borne in mind. Such time may be the best to enrich the land, to produce large crops when corn fetches a better price.

In the feeding marked No. 2, good sweet grains may be mixed with the cut hay and meal. Turnips for beasts are best cut by the machines that do not cut them into thin slices, which takes more time in the cutting, and the beasts do not clear them up so well. The dirt is easily chopped off with the roots of the turnips as they are pulled up, so that washing is unnecessary.

A bushel of cut Swedes weighs 50lbs.; a bushel and a half is a fair daily allowance for a moderate sized beast, say from 100 to 122½ stones of 8lbs., which is 70 stones of 14lbs. An acre producing 22½ tons will keep twelve beasts thus fed for eight weeks. Every beast in the stalls will make a large cart-load of manure in eight weeks.

To ascertain the progress beasts are making is by taking their girths once a fortnight. But until they have become marketably fat, the carcasses will not be the weight the measurement computes them to be. Beasts in the first fortnight increase but very little in their girth, because the first progress they make in feeding is in the inside. When beasts are bought good fair meat, and driven 100 miles to get them home, their appearance and condition is sadly changed. They should lay in a well littered yard, a week or a fortnight, fed on turnips and hay, and, if it can be done, let out once a day into a field for water before they are put in the stalls. Beasts in the early stage of feeding are apt to be blown after eating their turnips. In most cases the swelling will subside if turned out of the stall and kept walking about some time. A table spoonful of carbonate of ammonia in a quart of water will relieve them, by correcting the acidity in the stomach, and expelling the wind.

No food can be given to stall-feeding beasts that will fatten them so soon as linseed oil-cake; but without it is at a low price there is no money expended on a farm that brings back so poor a return for the expenditure, but there is much less trouble in feeding with it than in any other way; beasts that have been fed with it do not, after a long drift to market, lose their firmness of handling, as those do, fed without either cake or linseed.

The superiority of the manure produced from oil-cake or linseed fed beasts, ought to be considered. Those who have good feeding hay can fatten the largest sized beasts with it and oil-cake.

Durhams and Herefords are the most likely to pay the best for stall-feeding. When Durhams can be obtained that are well bred, I prefer them, for although they consume more food they increase so much more in weight as to produce the most profit.

There is the same trouble and expense in attending small beasts and sending them to market as with large. The writer recommends when buyers come to bargain for stall-feeding beasts that they are turned out of the stalls, where they appear smaller than they really are.

He also recommends stall-feeders to get from Carey's, in the Strand, the sliding scale formed by the late Dr. Woolaston, from my book, given to Lord Althorp, to compute by measurement the weight of the carcass of fat cattle.

London Farmer's Magazine.

ROOTS.

Necessity of other Products besides Indian Corn for Stock—Importance of Judicious Rotation—Farming in England.

MAPLEWOOD, near Lexington, Nov. 28, 1839.

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer:

Dear Sir,—Much attention seems to be directed at this moment, in this State and elsewhere, to the importance of introducing some auxiliary crops, to supply certain qualities of nutriment, in which our old staples are deficient; and in case of a default of these to stand in the place of substitutes for them. Those who have bestowed care upon any of the domestic races of animals, well know the advantage, summer and winter, of feeding, in part with succulent food. The vegetable juices which it contains, seem to be as much relished by these animals, as the most savory gravies by their intelligent owners That they aid in the preservation of health, is sufficiently demonstrated in the superior condition of animals which are fed upon them. The skin of these, soft and pleasant to the touch, is entirely free of scurf, and their hair, smooth and silky, shines with a natural oil. In this section of Kentucky, we are, perhaps, as well supplied as any other portion of the Union with this valuable description of food. The common rye, which is now generally used for winter pasturage, appears to be exceedingly nutritious, and stock of all kinds graze it with avidity; and we have besides, a wonderful resource in the beautiful blue-grass, which, like a mantle of charity from on high, covers our country, even in the bleakest weather, with an exquisite and delicious verdure. Rye and blue-grass, in fact, upon large farms, and when the season is propitious, are nearly all that the great farmer wants. But our fall and winter pastures, are not always equally good; snows are of uncertain duration; and many small farmers cannot allot a sufficient portion of pasture for winter use; and in all cases, especially where labor is more abundant than land, the cultivation of a judicious assortment of roots would well repay the farmer for any trouble and expense that it might cost. But another weighty consideration, which may be mentioned in favor of introducing the general use of roots as an additional farm crop, is, that from the different time of seeding and maturing, it is very likely that the root crop would often hit when the grain would fail, and thus roots which are themselves sufficient for stock, without either other food or water, would rise in the scale from the second to the first place in the husbandry of years of scarcity. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon this topic. Experience has impressed it upon the minds of most of us, that small grain in our climate, is precarious, and the annual variation of price, indicates but too plainly that even Indian corn, our staff and support, is not absolutely sure to reward the farmer with a full return. During the present year, it is said, large droves of our stock have been sent to distant parts in quest of grain, and thus many farmers in the present season have not only lost the benefit of personal inspection and care of their stock, but besides, have been obliged to yield the great advantage they would have derived from the manure of animals stall-fed upon their own land. In the quality of manure, aptly called "the sheet anchor of agriculture," roots are fully equal to other descriptions of food; and the great quantity of liquid manure which they produce, tends greatly to hasten the decomposition of all the other contents of the farm-yard.

Were it only necessary to find new crops to render the chances more promising of a full return, I think it not unlikely that the horse-bean would answer the purpose. It is greatly cultivated in England and France, and I have often seen it growing in our American gardens, with as much apparent luxuriance as it attains in the fields of either of those countries. In Europe it is of easy culture, being sown in different ways, either broadcast, drilled or dibbled. It is put in the ground about the time of sowing oats, and hundreds and thousands of acres teem with the production of it.

Roots, however, are superior to this article for most of the purposes to which I have alluded; and it is no doubt bad practice to multiply greatly the products of a farm, except when the condition of the land requires it. But admitting the fact, that the wise division of labor and the application of attention and means to one or a few productions is as essential in the conduct of a farm as in any other branch of human affairs, still, in different soils and exposures, different crops may be expected to succeed, and it is only by the success of the aggregate of a nation, that the horn of plenty is made to overflow.

Many farmers, unfortunately, have been deterred from the root culture or have abandoned it after insufficient trials. The chief difficulty attending it lies in the proper selection of roots. A very safe mode to determine which are the best in any particular situation, is, to apply the touchstone of experiment; and here we are greatly facilitated in our enquiries by the sister science of gardening. Our gardens in fact, answer nearly all purposes of trial. In this section, for instance, I find by reference to my garden, that beets, carrots and parsnips succeed best of the roots; that potatoes do well, and that turnips are exceedingly precarious and could not by any means be relied on. The familiar volume of experience is therefore easily read and applied. But at this point, the investigation becomes confused and it is difficult to proceed. Among the numerous varieties of these roots, which are of the easiest culture and afford the greatest yield? What crops do they best precede and what should they be made to follow? These interesting enquiries cannot yet receive a satisfactory solution in Kentucky. When the root culture has been long practiced as a branch of agriculture, a new volume of experience may be compiled, containing the best roots and the best varieties of each root, for different situations. In this part of the Union, the science is still to be ascertained and deduced from faithful experiments. Perhaps it may not be amiss to state that in foreign agricultural works, the mangel wurzel is maintained by many to be superior to the Swedish or any other turnip for farm purposes, and that it is generally admitted to be better for a clay soil. That carrots, though the acreable product is not so great, as is the turnip, are thought to be the best food known for improving the wind and endurance of horses—that recent statements would seem to indicate that the sugar beet, the white variety of the mangel wurzel, will answer well in many parts of our State.

In spite of a great desire to conclude this desultory letter, with your permission, I will cite as an example of the application of knowledge of the character I have been treating of, the system of farming pursued in a fine farming district in England, which came under my personal observation during a visit I made that country in 1835-6. The district I mean is in Yorkshire, not very distant from the old city of York. The rotation of crops is admirably adapted to the soil and climate, and the stock which consume them, are selected with such judgment and so used, that they may in fact, be said to labor in the immediate amelioration of the soil. Indeed I saw here combined in an improved system of husbandry, the results of a most extraordinary success in culture and breeding, acting and re-acting upon each other. In Kentucky, we have always appreciated the skill which is applied in breeding and rearing fine varieties of stock, but we have, no doubt, generally been too indifferent to the importance of a judicious succession of crops. I think it was remarked by General Washington, that "any system in farming is better than no system," and a Briton has truly observed, that a proper rotation of crops, "remedies all confusion, distinguishes and arranges the season and the appropriate mode of work, economises the labor, reciprocates the improvement of both soil and stock, and forwards the interest of both landlord and tenant."

I am satisfied that no American could have seen with my eyes, without drawing the conclusion I did, that a good rotation of crops for the different sections of our country, is a subject of momentous importance. But to return from this digression. The practice pursued in the district I have mentioned, is called the Norfolk system, and depends for its success upon the alternation of green and white crops. From this circumstance it is called by some, "the alternate system." The most common rotation is the following, viz: turnips, barley, clover, wheat. But besides the principal succession of white and green crops, in continuing this system, a change is made for the purpose of resting the land, in the particular green and white crop used in each year, or otherwise the clover is suffered to remain for two years and is pastured instead of being mown. On the clay soils, in this district, liable to poach, the turnips are drawn and carted or the crop is omitted altogether, and beans, or some other, substituted for it; but on sandy soils, they are fed on the ground to sheep folded upon them. On the latter description of land, a wonderful improvement is wrought, and it was upon such a soil, that I saw the greatest amelioration I ever beheld effected by judicious culture. It elevated very much the opinion I had formed of agriculture as a science. On one side of a hedge I saw the finest crop of Swedes imaginable, the drills 28 inches apart, clean as a garden, and the turnips touching in the rows with scarcely an omission. On the other side a howling waste of sand. This glorious field of turnips was produced by the rotation I have mentioned.

The preparation for the turnip crop is very simple. The drills are formed, and bones, broken up in mills, are laid in them at the rate of from 15 to 25 bushels an acre. They are often mixed with ashes and distributed with regularity by a drill machine. The turnip seed is then sown on the top of the drill at the rate of three pounds to the acre.

When the roots are ready for use the tops are cut off and carried to the straw-yards to be consumed by cattle, and a small fold being formed of rope netting or hurdles, the sheep are introduced. These eat all the bulb, except the lower part, which is raised from the ground with a small prong and also carried to the straw-yards. The sheep are then removed to another part of the field, and so on, till the whole is gone over. The kind of sheep which I saw used here were the New Leicester, a sheep of great bulk, which yields the much esteemed combing or long wool of England, but of which the mutton, to my palate, is coarse and rank. It is, however, a profitable sheep to raise, both for its wool and flesh, and I was informed, that those who were engaged in sheep-farming were more prosperous than most other farmers. The New Leicester mutton bears, in my opinion, about the same relation to the South-Down or to our common Kentucky mutton, that the middling of the hog does to the ham, and perhaps might be useful here for the same purposes for which middlings are used. However this may be, on a sandy soil the New Leicester sheep is a capital laborer. Besides the great value of his manure; which is equally distributed by the practice of folding, the land is very much improved by the tramping and packing and incorporation of the manure with the soil effected with his feet, and which is called in one word the *management* of the land.

Besides being fed to the New Leicester sheep, the most artificial animal probably in existence, the turnips raised on the farm on which my observations were principally made, were also fed in considerable quantities to the admired Short Horn Durham cattle. When fed to these last, they are given about at the rate of two or three bushels a day, together with straw or hay to each full grown steer.

The mode of farming above described, borrowed originally from those excellent farmers, the Flemish, would not entirely apply in this part of the State, but in many parts of Kentucky and the Union, particularly on light sandy soils the practice of a similar system would effect a great change, and even here some of its principles might be used with advantage.

In viewing the many beautiful farms with which this district of Yorkshire abounds, that were once considered worthless, I was induced to believe that there is not so much difference in the intrinsic value of land, as is generally supposed. Some lands, deemed dead for useful purposes, in fact only lie dormant until the appropriate system is applied, when they begin to feel a wonderful and unexpected fertility.

The introduction of the turnip, suiting as this root does her weeping climate and much of her soil, has been of incalculable benefit to England. It is now actually the case that lands which rented for shillings, now rent for pounds; and what were once barren wastes, are now among the most profitable soils for cultivation. Bones are conveyed from all parts of the world to the ports of that country; Brazil has furnished a good supply and even the United States have contributed to the crushing mills of Britain. I confess I have never seen an account of vessels carrying out bones to Europe, without feeling pained by the reflection that they were precisely the best manure for some of our own lands. I have sometimes looked forward with gratulation to the day when a regeneration shall be effected in certain parts of America by skilful agriculture, when those parts of the Union, now deemed barren and almost worthless, shall rise in the scale and furnish their full quota of production.

If turnips will not suit the soil and climate of the West, perhaps they would answer at the East; and who would not rejoice to see the sands of North Carolina, Virginia, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, covered with countless flocks of sheep, an animal furnishing as it does, both food and raiment, precisely the best suited for a dense population! Who would not be pleased to see the manufacture of wool more extensively prosecuted, and the fabrics of American looms more generally used by a healthy, prosperous, and happy population!

But the great change effected in the condition of England, and which might probably be wrought by similar means in some sections of the Union, has been produced, like a magical delusion, by the use of an easy system, and is but one result of scientific agriculture. Happy the day, when the soil shall be considered, as in truth it is, a great *terra incognita*, full of wonders, and pregnant with untold blessings to mankind. I remain, dear sir, your ob't serv't,

HENRY CLAY, Jr.

MARYLAND HORSES.

CAUSES OF DEGENERACY IN CERTAIN RESPECTS.

In England, during the past season, as we see in that now much approved and very elegant work, the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," there were eight Stallions covering at \$125 and upwards—Emilius at \$250, Touchstone \$150, Bay Middleton \$150, Plenipo \$125, Physician \$150, Camel \$125, Langar \$125, and Velocipede \$125. Of these eight Bay Middleton, Plenipo and Touchstone stood on their blood and performances—being, as Stallions, untried; and stood as high as any tried Stallions in the kingdom, except Emilius, and higher than any tried ones, except five. Priam, though an untried Stallion, covered in England at \$150.

No people on earth understand so well the principles of breeding and the art of grooming horses as the English. In America, especially in the slave-holding states, the business of horse-breeding, except for the turf, (and that is not so well managed as it might be,) is conducted with little either of knowledge or of system. The question most generally put, or if not actually put, most generally acted upon, is, not to what Stallion can a mare be *best bred*, having regard to the size, qualities, make and family of each; but to what horse can she be bred with the *least trouble*, and for the *least money!* A stallion, say most farmers, is a stallion, so he be big enough and fat enough; and a colt is a colt; and such reasoners with equal truth might add, "I have a head, and so has a pin." So gross and culpably short-sighted is the general management on this subject, in the region we have designated, that you may place a thorough-bred stallion of the finest model, coming down with undoubted purity of blood from horses of incredible speed and endurance through a long line of ancestry, in the same neighborhood with the vilest brute that ever stood on four legs—thick-shouldered and thick-winded, lop-eared and lop-sided, and cat-ham'd in the bargain, and let the former cover country mares at \$20, or even \$15, and the latter at a "barrel of corn and twenty-five cents to the groom," and our life for it, the garron carries the day from his well-formed and high-bred rival ten to one! and especially if he has the great advantage of being *one mile nearer!* Hence it is, that so few horses are bred in this State, fit for a gentleman to ride or drive.

What a scandalous reproach on the management and common sense of the horse-breeders within the State, that if you want a nag that will go his mile inside of four or even five minutes, or one that will clear, in the chase, a worm fence with the rider off; or a match of horses, with heads up and well set on, good shoulders, clean limbs, sound wind and fine coat, moving evenly and well together, you must go, or wait until some Baltimore livery stable keeper can send, all the way to New Jersey or New York, or Vermont, and for which, especially if you employ one who happens to have the run, for the time, he makes you pay 50 per cent. advance on their cost. For all this there exists several causes, one of which is as disgraceful, as its effects are injurious to the farmers of the south. That one is the almost universal indifference or neglect about paying debts contracted for the services of a stallion. Nothing is more proverbial than the delay and difficulty in collecting such debts, except, perhaps, a like difficulty in realizing the amounts due to the *publishers of papers.*

Men accounted and acting like *gentlemen*, in the ordinary intercourse of society, seem to esteem it but a gentlemanly vice, to break their solemn obligations to the owners of stallions and the proprietors of papers, and by withholding, rob them, of that which is as much their lawful property as is the grain or the bacon his, which is locked up in the farmer's corn or meat-house. This is plain language—unfortunately, it is quite as *true*, as it is plain. Happy should we be to think that none of the readers of the American Farmer may *feel* it to be so. In the wide scope of our duty to the agricultural interest, we are under obligations to speak of whatever may be prejudicial or vicious in the management or habits of the *class*, whose welfare we delight in guarding to the utmost of our feeble abilities. As a class, we are jealous of their honor, and feel bound to warn them to preserve it, with quite as much solicitude as we would teach them how to make one bushel more of *tree corn* or *Rohan potatoes!* Men are not cured of, or saved from mal-practices in their morals or husbandry, by eternal employment of honied phrases; yet we need scarcely observe that we mean no personal application or offence by these remarks.

We may say with the satirist,

"Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be ridicul'd or lash'd;
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.

Stallions of the purest blood and the finest form, such as would in a few years improve the horses of Maryland to an aggregate amount in value beyond belief, if they could get mares and *be paid* for them even at \$15 or \$20, are banished from the State to give place to the vilest scrubs in existence, just as "when impious men bear sway, the post of honor is the private station," and those of talents and virtue are driven from the public service to give place to grand little and *little grand* ones. The misfortune is, that the practice of low vulgar electioneering seems to have extended itself to every thing from the office of law-making down to the office of stallion-keeping. And those who seek either successfully, must have recourse to the same electioneering tricks and expedients—neither waits to be sought for. Both must go begging from farm to farm, and from door to door, each securing popularity and patronage in proportion as he debases and cheapens himself—

"Each rather than they should excel,
Would see his rivals all in hell."

Hence have we lived in our day to see legislation become a *mere trade;* occasionally united, in the same person, with that of black-leg and cheat; and though sometimes he lose the former by the turn of the *political* cards, he can still shuffle and cut for the benefit of his quondam associates. The Lord defend the people, say we, alike from your *cheap* politician and your *cheap* stallions; the latter begetting a race of scrubs—the former being a scrub *per se!* As the Parson, when he has nothing more to say, so we repeat the text: "the causes of degeneracy are in certain respects the same in both.

American Farmer.

It appears from statistical information in the French Agricultural journals, that the land cultivated around Paris, as kitchen gardens, yields an amount of nearty eight millions of dollars, annually, and maintains half a million of persons. The flowers and fruit produced there, yield also several millions of francs. About two hundred flower gardeners reside at Paris and in the neighborhood, and supply the markets of the capital. There are days, especially the eves of grand fetes, when the sale is very large. H. Hericart de Thury, affirms that on the 14th of August last, \$10,000 worth of flowers were sold in Paris, and that, in the depths of winter, certain grand *soirees* give rise to sales amounting to between 1,000 and 4,000 dollars. In the same season, bouquet of natural flowers are dispatched, in tin boxes, not only to the remotest towns of France, but even to Munich, Vienna, and other distant foreign ports.

Newberryport Herald.

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL.—They are about establishing a school of Agriculture in Kentucky. The plan is to obtain a charter of incorporation, with a capital of \$100,000 for the purchase of a farm, buildings, stock, &c. which is to be under the charge of a superintendant, and worked by students. The term of instruction is four years, and pupils are to work on the farm or in the shops four hours daily and pay an annual tuition fee; all profits to be laid out on a library, apparatus, &c. The course of instruction to be practical agriculture, and the sciences most intimately connected with it; together with mathematics, mechanics, modern languages, and bells lettres. It is proposed that the State subscribe one fourth of the stock, and thus have an interest in the appointment of professors, &c.

Hartford Patriot.

Salt should be regularly fed to cattle both in winter and summer. They will never eat too much if it is placed constantly before them where they can obtain it at all times. The best way to feed them with it, except when snow is on the ground, is to employ salt troughs for the purpose, which are made most convenient by making a deep cavity in the convex side of a short thick piece of slab, or a chip from scoring timber, to be kept filled with salt, and placed flat upon the ground. They are very cheap and will not easily upset, In winter when the ground is covered with snow, salt should be applied by brining the fodder.

Farmer's Cabinet.

THE LATE JUDGE BUEL—*Clarum venerabile nomen?* it will be sufficient, in itself, to attract the regards of every reader to the following extracts from one among the last performances of his able pen, in the cause of the plough.

Our feelings would have prompted us to add our feeble voice to the general chorus of regret at his decease; for our acquaintance and interchange of kind offices was of long standing and our admiration of his character cordial and sincere; but there are some men, of whom he was one, whose works of usefulness have been so diffused and universally acknowledged, that to throw prominently into the scale of eulogy the testimony of a powerless individual, would seem to be a work of supererogation, if not of vanity. Improved system of American husbandry, with their fruitful results and a higher estimate of its dignity, exhausted districts reclaimed by more economical and efficent implements and processes of labor, redundant crops and overflowing granaries, are the best monuments of his beneficence; and deep indeed, must that American agriculturist be sunk in the mire of ignorance and ingratitude, when he shall cease to venerate the name of BUEL, as the great advocate and promoter of his art—in practice his enlightened and virtuous exemplar!—Most fortunately for those whose feet were lighted by the lamp of his knowledge, the oil has been replenished ere yet its light was extinct, and now in the hands of Mr. TUCKER, it burns and shines with a flame as strong and as pure, as in the days of its greatest brightness. Under his editorial direction, the GENESEE FARMER has been united with the Cultivator. Let us congratulate the friends of scientific and practical agriculture, that though the artificer "has gone to the land where our fathers have gone," the edifice erected by his genius and industry will be maintained for their benefit, in all its exterior comeliness and useful accommodations. So much in the way of just, though inadequate tribute to the lamented deceased and the respected living.

American Farmer.

Great Horse Race.—The horse race among the Cossacks and other tribes in Asiatic Russia, which have been established by the Russian Government, took place on the 90th September on the Steppes of Ouralsk where more than 80,000 Cossacks. Tartars, Baskirs, Kalsak, Kirgs, and Ourkmans were assembled. In the first match fifteen horsemen entered the hippodrome, the circuit of which they made three times, the winning horse performing a distance of 18 wersts (nearly 12 miles) in twenty-four minutes. The prize gained by the Cossack who rode was 60,000 roubles. After this match sixty horsemen started in a race; two came at the same time, viz., the Sultan Ajsfiy Malon, who is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Russian service, and a Cossack. A distance of 20 wersts (about 13¼ miles) was performed in 25 minutes. Each of these persons gained 2,500 roubles, and the fifty-eight vanquished horses were divided between them.

Mr. Phtm.—"Can you inform me," said a quizzical, jocular mate of a steamboat the other day, addressing a fine, good-hearted, gentlemanly Frenchman on the Leeve—"Can you inform me where Mr. Phtm lives?"

"Mr. who, sair?"

"Mr. Phtm," continued the wag, giving the unpronounceable name his imagination had created, almost any pronunciation.

"Mr. Pepem, eh?" rejoined the polite Frenchman.

"No, Phtm."

"You mean Pickem, sair."

"Mr. Phtm is the gentleman I want to find."

"Pickem?—Pupem?—Will you be so kind as to pronounce him once more, several times?"

"Mr. Phtm."

"No, sair, I have nevare heard of no such name, d——n, nevare. He must be one d——n Choctaw," muttered the badly quizzed Frenchman as he walked off.

Picayune.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th March.
ALEXANDRIA, La. - J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Thursday, 23d Jan.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendall Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th May.
FAYETTE, Mo. - - - J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
IRWINTON, Ala. - - - Harrison Course, J. C. Meeting 4th Tuesday in Feb.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th March.
MARIANNA, Fla. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday in Feb. next.
NEW YORK CITY - - - Union Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th May.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th March.
" " " " " Match, $1000 a side, P. P., Mile heats, between the 2 yr olds of Y. N. Oliver and Kenner & Chapman, Spring Meeting of 1840.
" " " Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Thursday, 26th March.
" " " Louisiana Course, Match, $2000 a side, h. ft., Mile heats, between Mr. J. R. Grymes' 2 yr. old gr. Leviathan colt and J. F. Miller's *Fairly Fair*, Spring Meeting of 1840.
RALEIGH, N. C Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
TRENTON, N. J. - - Eagle Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th May.
TUSCUMBIA, Ala. - - Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
WASHINGTON CITY - National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday 5th May.
WAYNESBORO', N.C. Randolph Macon Course, J. C Sp'g Meeting, 2d Tuesday 14th April.

Stallions for 1840.

☞ *Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season or Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail (to the amount of Twenty dollars) in this paper, no charge will be made.*

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $75—$100, and $1 to the groom. O. P. Hare.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate by Catton, at L. J. Polk's farm, Maury Co., Tenn., 4 miles from Mt. Pleasant, at $60, $75, and $100, and $1 to the groom.

ARGYLE, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, at W.R. Smith's plantation, Laurens District, S. C., at $50.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Clarksville, Tenn., limited to 55 mares at $60 and $70. Address James McClure & Co.

BELSHAZZAR. *Imported*, by Blackblock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Wm. P. Campbell, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRITIC, by Eclipse, dam by Eclipse Herod, at C. S. W. Dorsey's stable, 12 miles from Baltimore, Md., and 2 from Ellicott's Mills, at $40 and $60.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, the dam of Picton, etc., by Sir Archy, at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50. James B. Kendall.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at James Swanson's stable, near Franklin, Tenn., limited to sixty mares at $100.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at Halifax Court House, Va., at $100, and $1 to the groom. John Wimbish.

FELT, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Steam by Waxy Pope, at the stables of J. R. S., near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom.

FOP, *Imported*, by Stumps, dam by Fitz James, at Col. F. C. H. Miller's, 2 m. from Chapel Hill, Marshall Co., Tenn., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. James Jackson.

GREY EAGLE, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, at Sidney Burbridge's stable, near Frankfort, Ky. He will be limited; terms hereafter.

HEDGFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie by Orville, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable, Franklin Co., Ky., 7 miles from Frankfort, at $100.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, at the farm of George Fryer, near the Washington race Course, Charleston, S.C., at $40, and $1 to the groom.

IBRAHIM PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Bedouin Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $50 to insure

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at L. Y. Craig's stable, Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., at $100.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at Col. George Elliott's stable, Gallatin, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Hickman Lewis, 9 m. west of Athens, Ala., at $100, and $1 to gm.—limited to 65 mares.

MONARCH, *Imported*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodland's Estate, near Columbia, S.C., under direction of Wm. A. Stewart, at $100.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, at New Design, Twigg Co., Ky., at $60 and $80, and $1 to the groom Edmund Bacon.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Hicksford, Va., 80 pay mares at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom. A. T. B. Merritt.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford, at Duke W. Sumner's stable, Spring Grove, Tenn., 7 miles north of Nashville, at $100, and $1 to the groom

ROBIN BROWN, by Mons. Tonson, out of Boston's dam by Ball's Florizel, at Walnut Grove, Marengo Co., Ala., at $30—$60, and 1 to groom. Henry A. Tayloe.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at Hector Bell's stable, Winchester, Va., at $60—$100, and $1 to the groom.

SARACEN, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at the stable of D. F. Winter, Belvidere, Warren County, N. J., at $10.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at E. H. Blackburn's, Woodford Co., Ky., between Lexington and Frankfort, at $100.

STEEL, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Constitution, at Col. Edmund Townes' stable, Granville County, N. C., at $60 and $100.

SHERIFF PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Syrian Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $75 to insure

SHADOW, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at N. B. Luse's Brick Stable, Morristown, N. J., near the Morris and Essex Rail Road, at $10.

TORNADO, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, at the stable of John Drew, Union Course, L. I., at $20 the season.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at John A. Reedy's stable, Madison County, near Huntsville, Ala., at $50.

DISEASES OF THE DOG.

Publications on this subject in general have branched out the diseases of the dog to an extent ignorantly numerous and ignorantly mystified, unless, indeed, the one and the other have arisen from a baser motive—perhaps if we suppose it an union of the two, we shall not be far from the mark.

In looking at this animal in a pathological view, we should first consider him physiologically, or according to his nature. If we compare the horse and the dog, striking differences are immediately presented. In the first place, it may be remarked, that the dog's skin is not porous, he never perspires; and, therefore, as the healthy exudation which makes its way through the skin in most other animals, particularly in the horse, is denied to the dog, if he be not thereby rendered more susceptible of disease, he is more liable to a pressure or determination of blood to the head, which, if not timely checked, must result in disease, may produce that most awful of afflictions, hydrophobia. Therefore, whenever a dog droops, and his eyes alter their appearance, become dull, or assume a more inflamed aspect, he should be bled (in the jugular vein) without loss of time, bled freely, which will relieve the pressure on the brain, and the animal will be perceptibly better in a few minutes.

Few dogs escape what is significantly understood bp the term distemper.—This disease generally makes its appearance in early life: a dog is attacked with it perhaps when three months old (it rarely appears earlier) for the most part before he has attained one year—often at about his fifth or sixth month.—At the approach of the distemper, the dog appears dull, his eyes are sufficiently expressive of indisposition, and the lancet should be immediately applied; five ounces of blood should be drawn away, if possible (from a pointer or setter for instance); nor need the least fear be entertained of taking too much of the crimson fluid in question, as the operator will find no difficulty in stopping the flow, which indeed is too apt to subside of itself. A table-spoonful of syrup of buckthorn should be administered also, which, with the bleeding, will completely subdue the inflammation and remove the disease—in nine cases out of ten; if in a day or two, indications of a relapse should become apparent, the bleeding and physic should be repeated.

If the dog be neglected in the first stage of the distemper, the disease in general increases rapidly; the animal's nose and eyes discharge a fetid mucus, he is afflicted with a husky cough, loss of appetite, and the pain he experiences is expressed by his countenance and manner: even at this stage the disease may be overcome by repeated bleeding and physic; but if the animal be neglected, the symptoms already described will continue to increase, till after lingering some time in a pitiable state, death puts a period to his sufferings.—Few recover if left to themselves.

Inoculation for the distemper produces the disease in a mild form, and as the patient may be prepared by a dose of physic, little is to be apprehended from it; after the effect of the inoculation has become perceptible, a single operation in the jugular vein and one dose of syrup of buckthorn will be all that is required.

There are few diseases of the dog which are not indicated by the altered appearance of the eyes, and which may not be effectually removed by venesection and the medicine mentioned above: if dogs were properly attended to, inasmuch as the approach of their dangerous complaints is rendered manifest by the visual indications already noticed, hydrophobia might be effectually exploded. This dreadful disease is sometimes preceded by fits, the approach of which becomes plainly perceptible by the dog's eyes; and so it may be remarked of that affection of the glands, so ignorantly denominated *dumb madness*. These observations are the result of more than thirty years extensive practical experience, they are therefore made with confidence, and may be relied on. It may not be amiss to mention that a dog laboring under what is called hydrophobia, is not alarmed at the sight of water or fluids; on the contrary, he will drink oftener than usual, and experiences not the least difficulty in swallowing.

The dog is subject to worms; and when from his insatiable appetite, lean appearance, and the staring of his coat, the presence of these vermin is suspected, half a tea cup full of raw linseed oil should be administered in the morning before the dog has been fed; it will operate as a mild cathartic; but, although so innocuous to the dog, it is deadly poison to worms, to all the vermicular tribe, and to insects in general.

Evasion of the Game Laws.—The natives of Glenquaich have of of late devised a very ingenious method of evading those rigid enactments, without subjecting themselves to any of the "effectual and summary remedies" in their provisions, and without having recourse to the use of any "gun, gin-snare, trap, or other engine whatsoever." In consequence of the long-continued rains the lands in that district have been in more than an ordinary degree infested by flocks of grouse, moor-fowls, and other game. A quantity of barley is for some time steeped in whiskey- and, when completely saturated, is copiously strewed around the stooks, and when the deluded birds descend from their native heath, instead of nibbling at the sheaves, greedily devour the grain thus seductively laid in their way. The consequence is, that they soon become oblivious, when they are easily taken and their necks twisted; so that, like many of the "lords of the creation," they readily fall victims to the deleterious effects of intemperance. Edinburgh Courant.

Epitaph.—In a Sussex church yard appears the following epitaph, inscribed by a *disconsolate* widower: "Here lies the body of Sarah, wife of John Smith, who died 24th March, 1823, aged forty-two years. 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord TAKETH AWAY; *blessed be the name of the Lord!*'"

IMPORTED FELT.

THIS highly bred and most brilliant racer and stallion will cover mares the ensuing season at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 the season (with $1 to the groom), payable within the season. Good accommodations are provided for all mares sent to the horse, which will be well fed at fifty cents each per day, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, though all caution will be used to prevent them.

As a racer, his career was brilliant in the extreme. He won a large number of races at fashionable courses, and beat the best horses of the day: among them, Halston, Fylde, Clotilde, Frederick (winner of the Derby), Dr Faustus (three times, and he beat Leviathan), Guido, Bolivar, Lady Sarah, Tamboff, Sarah, Retriever, and many others. He was supposed by his handicappers to be equal to Fylde, sire of Steel and Billy Townes, after giving him two years advantage in weight.

He won in one year five gold cups, and several other races, frequently giving weight to everything in the races; and so splendid was his running, that it induced the English sportsmen to re-import his sire Langar, at present one of the most successful stallions of the day. At 3 yrs. old he won all his races, except the St. Leger, won by Rowton, to whom Felt was close up, though "as stale as a town tap."

He won at 4 yrs old the Tradesmen's Cup at Chester, 28 subscribers, beating a large field. The Gold Cup at Newton, three miles, 15 subs. The Tradesmen's Cup at Liverpool, two miles, 59 subs. The Gold Cup at Preston, three miles and more, 13 subs. The Rover Stakes at Knutsford, 11 subs. The Gold Cup at Holywell, three miles, nine subs., and the same day the Pengwern Stakes, seven subs.

He won many other races, and among them a Gold Cup at 3 yrs. old, two miles, beating Robin Hood, Brunswick, Zodiac, and others, 12 subs.

Felt is a rich bay horse, about fifteen hands three inches high, and bears a strong resemblance to Langar (his sire) in form, marks, size, action, and appearance, except color; Langar has nearly the same white marks, but is a chesnut. He is a very powerful horse in all respects, and his colts are, in Virginia, very superior and promising as 3 yr. olds.

Felt was got by Langar (sire of Elis, Pilgrim, &c.), out of Steam by Waxy Pope—Miss Stavely by Shuttle—Drone—Matchem—Jocasta by Cornforth's Forester—sister to Young Cade, out of Miss Partner—sister to the dam of Matchem.

Langar, re-imported on account of Felt's high character, was got by Selim (sire of Sultan, lately covering at 50 sovs.), out of a Walton mare, out of Young Giantess, dam of Sorcerer, and grandam of Priam, Muley, and Phantom, and g. g. dam of Bay Middleton.

Waxy Pope (winner of the Derby) was by Waxy, the best son of Pot-8-o's—the best son of Eclipse—out of Prunella by Highflyer—dam of Parasol, Penelope, and nine others of rare excellence. Whalebone, Whisker, and others, are from Penelope

All the colts from Felt's dam ran well. He won about $15,000, and Fang, his own brother, sold for about $25,000, as was supposed. He is very nearly allied to Priam, Bay Middleton, Queen of Trumps, Plenipo, and through Economist to Harkaway, being the very best in England. The only two of his stock which have appeared on our turf are Langford, his own nephew on the dam's side, and Passenger, by Langar, his half brother on the sire's side, except a 2 yr. old filly, a winner.

Excepting Priam, a horse of more reputation as a racer cannot be found in America, and no horse can have a better, and few, very few, an equal pedigree. He needs no other recommendation for judicious breeders to patronise him. J. R. S.

[F. 15]

EMILIUS.

THIS horse—color, bay brown, with a blaze, black legs, mane and tail, was got by Eclipse, out of Green's Filho da Puta mare—pedigree of her below. He was foaled in 1831. To be brief, there is no horse possessed of finer limbs and feet—his chest was cramped in his trainings from the 2 yr. old form to his 5th year by the girth—always kept to the same notch, in spite of remonstrance.

He ran at 2 yrs. old against Floranthe, mile heats, for $1000, and although he was taught nothing, and merely played in the race, lost it—time, 1:56.

The next week Cora paid him forfeit, $500. In the sweepstakes, Spring 3 yrs. old, he ran second. In the Autumn, he was second to Vertumnus, mud hoof-deep, and then challenged Vertumnus to run for $1000, three days after—the wet continuing, he lost by a neck. At Trenton, Spring '38, he ran two mile heats against Tom Moore and Middlesex, and although in the first heat he struck a pebble stone, and burst his nigh fore foot half an inch horizontally on the border of the hair, yet by the advice of John Stevens, Esq., the owner let him run the second heat, in which he beat Middlesex, and lapped Tom Moore, though on the back stretch, half a mile from home, (where he struck the pebble,) he had opened a gap of 20 to 30 yards.

The owner is not desirous to sell Emilius at present, but will let any honorable man have his services gratuitously the ensuing season, that will use the horse properly, and keep him a year if required. Apply at this office.

Pedigree of the dam of Emilius.—She was bred by the late John Pickersgill, of Yorkshire, England—was foaled in 1825, and imported by Charles Green, Esq., of this city. She was got by Filho da Puta, out of the Young Woodpecker mare (sister to Rosetta) bred by Mr. Long Kinsman, in 1802—her dam Equity, by Dungannon—Justice—Regulus—Starling—Snap's dam, etc. Her sire, Filho, foaled in 1812, was got by Haphazard, out of Sapu (afterwards Mrs. Barnet) by Waxy—g. dam the Woodpecker mare bred by the Duke of Bedford in 1786. See Skinner's General Stud Book, pp. 864, 714, 517.

P.S. The dam of Emilius is also the dam of *Manhattan*, now in Virginia. The *half* of this fine colt was purchased by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, at $1000. Feb. 15.

TORNADO.

THIS high bred race horse will stand the present season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Course, Long Island, at $20 the season, to commence 20th Feb., and end July 1st; the money to be paid in all cases at the time of serving, or before the mares are taken away.

Tornado is a light chesnut, nearly 16 hands high, of great muscular power, and in high racing form, resembling his sire (American Eclipse) in every point—5 yrs. old this spring.

Pedigree.—Tornado was bred by Robt. L. Stevens, Esq., of New York, and foaled in May, 1835, in England—his dam—the celebrated race mare Polly Hopkins—having been sent there in foal to Eclipse, for the purpose of breeding her to the best English horses. Polly Hopkins was got by Virginian, her dam by Imp. Archduke—g. dam by Imp. Obscurity—g. g. d. the celebrated Slamerkin by Imp. Wildair. See Eng. & Am. Stud Book, page 1071. His sire, Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp Messenger—her dam the Imp. Pot-8-o's mare, etc.

Performances.—Tornado at New York, fall of 1837, then 2 yrs. old, after a long passage, badly bruised, and scarcely able to walk from long standing on board ship, consequently was not broke till the spring following, when in consequence of numerous engagements in produce stakes, he was trained; but the effect of the voyage was seen so plainly, that he was turned out and allowed to run one year. To show the opinion his owner had of him, he was the only horse reserved past 3 yrs. old, out of a draft of fifteen from his stable.

Spring of 1839, then 4 yrs. old. he was trained, and realised the expectations of his owner. He was entered for the two mile purse, Union Course, against Hornblower and others, but in consequence of a match made the evening before the race, to run next day after, he was drawn after one heat.

Next day, in a match, mile heats, against Mr. Gibbons' *Saracen*, Tornado won handily in two heats, time, 1:53½—1:54½.

Next week, at Hoboken, in a match, two mile heats, against Mr. O. P. Hare's *Champaign*, Tornado won at two heats, time, 3:57—3:50.

Second Spring Meeting, Union Course, started for the three mile purse against Trenton and Vashti. In running for the first heat of this race, the rider of Tornado was ordered to lay up, which he did very properly till the last straight side. Here his jockey, from a fancy of his own, or from some new order (not given by the owner of the horse), then made a rush for the heat, Trenton at that time being about 50 or 75 yards in advance of him, and only lost the heat by two feet. After this heat he was found to be lame, but started for the second, and broke down in company with Vashti, after running two miles and a half.

He is now offered to Breeders, with the hope and expectation of his getting stock, not to be excelled for size, strength, and racing qualities. It is thought by good judges that he will cross well with mares that have produced runners from Monmouth Eclipse, both being from one sire, and nearly related on the dam's side.

The best care will be taken of mares sent to him, but no liability for accidents or escapes, should any possibly occur. JOHN DREW.

Union Course, L. I., Feb. 15, 1840.—[feb 15-tf]

CANADIAN STALLION WANTED.

A LIBERAL price will be paid for a handsome thorough-bred CANADIAN STALLION, to breed from. He must have fine action, and be able to pace, rack, or trot a mile in 2:40. The advertiser is indifferent as to color, provided there are no white legs, but requires that the horse shall be at least fifteen hands and one inch-high, and gentle under the saddle and in harness.

Address JOHN TAYLOR, Jr., 72 Beaver Street, New York. Feb. 8—4t*

TROTTING STALLIONS WANTED.

LIBERAL prices will be paid for two Stallions of fine size and good action, from which to breed superior Carriage Horses. It is not required that they should be thorough-bred, but they must be at least 15½ hands high, and able to trot a mile in four minutes. Bays would be preferred; any other color would not be an insuperable objection, provided they were fine in every other respect. Letters containing a description, stating price, etc., will be attended to if addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. Dec. 21.

VALUABLE LANDS IN ARKANSAS FOR SALE.

I WILL sell on accommodating terms, and long credit, the following lands, viz.: an undivided half of—

1. The N. ½ of Sec. 32 T. 12 N. R. 4 W. containing 320 acres.
2. S. W. fl. ¼ (S. of W. R.) of Sec. 28 " 135 "
3. S. E. fl. ¼ (S. of Sloo) " Sec. 29 " 74 "

These lands lie in the Oil Trough Bottom, and are of the finest quality—Tracts No. 1 and 3 are better known as e "Manly place,"—Tract No. 2 is the one on which John W. Childress, Esq. now resid

4. N. W. ¼ of Sec. 1[illegible] 4 W. Oil Trough—superior land, 160 acres.
5. S. W. ¼ " " 1 " " " "
6. S. W. ¼ " " 3 " " " "
7. W. ½ 32 10 N. 7 W. on Little Red River,—part of this tract first rate, 320 6 Lots in "Noland's addition" to the Town of Batesville, lying immediately in rear of Wm. Dickinson's premises.

Also, some superior, well bred brood mares, with Volcano, and Tom Fletcher foals.

Batesville, Arks., Dec. 14th, 1839—[feb1] C. F. M. NOLAND.

DOGS FOR SALE.

A DOG and Bitch of the King Charles breed of Spaniels, two months old. Enquire at the bar of the Franklin Coffee House, Maiden Lane. Jan.25-3t*

VALUABLE IMPORTED RACING STOCK FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers to dispose of the following fashionably bred *imported* Stock at private sale, on reasonable times.

A *Chesnut mare*, coming 5 yrs., by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of the celebrated racer and stallion, *Sir Hercules*, and Capt. STOCKTON's imported horse *Langford*, so well known as a performer on the Northern Turf. This mare gave way in training, but was regarded by Col. HAMPTON, in whose stable she was, as a very superior animal. She has fine size, and will make a capital brood mare.

A *Chesnut filly*, coming 3 yrs., by Actæon, out of Ada (sister to Augusta, the dam of Ipsala) by Woful. She has fine size.

A *Bay filly*, coming 3 yrs., by Emilius, out of Minerva by Merlin, her dam by Walton, out of Lisette by Hambletonian, etc. This filly has not been trained, but is of much promise.

These fillies were imported expressly for me by Col. HAMPTON, of Columbia, and comprise the most fashionable strains of blood on the Turf. Their extended pedigrees may be found on reference to the "English and American Stud Book," the "American Turf Register," and the "Spirit of the Times." The terms of the sale will be made easy.

Address JAMES H. ADAMS.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 27, 1840.—[feb8]

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

TWO fine bitch pups of the celebrated St. Bernard breed, three months old, are for sale, at $20 each. Apply at this office. Feb. 8.

FOR SALE,

A FIRST RATE TRAINER, 27 years of age. Any person wishing to buy, may apply to J. S. Garrison, City Hotel, New Orleans, La., or Thos. Watson, Alabama Hotel, Mobile. Feb. 1.

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *Eagle Course*, at the Spring Meeting of 1840, which will commence on Tuesday, May 26, which is the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden races.

No. 1. A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of April.

No. 2. A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

No 3. A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds that never won, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

Four mile Stake.

No. 1. A Sweepstakes for all ages (*Boston* excluded by the consent of his owner), four mile heats, sub. $500 each, forfeit $200, the 2d best to receive back his stake; the Proprietor to add $1000 to the Stake if more than one start; three or more to make a race; to name and close on the 1st of April, and to come off on the last day of the races.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 30, 1840.—[feb1] O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

NEW ORLEANS RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE New Orleans Races, over the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Wednesday, the 18th of March next, and continue one week. The purses, which will as usual be liberal, will be made known hereafter. Y. N. OLIVER.

New Orleans, Jan. 6, 1840.—[jy18]

SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin. [dec14]

Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y*.

SETTERS WANTED.

TWO very fine Setters are wanted at This Office. They must be well broke, young and handsome. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of The Spirit of the Times.

A well bred *Setter Slut* is also wanted, to breed from. She must have been a good performer herself, and from a well known stock. Dec. 21.

WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

IRWINTON JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Races over the *Harrison Course*, near Irwinton, Ala., will commence on the 4th Tuesday in February, 1840, and continue five days; free for all horses.

The Purses, which will be good, will be hung up at the Stand, each day, in *State money*. C. SPROWL, *Proprietor*.

Irwinton, Ala., 21st Dec., 1839 —[jan4-5t]

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 10th March, 1840, and continue five days.

Great Sweepstakes, Four mile heats.—On the first day, the one preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, will be run a great Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, free for all ages, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., and to which the proprietor will add a splendid Silver Cup, valued at $500. To name and close on or before 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. The following have already subscribed:—

R. H. Long. Wm. G. Haun. T. Watson.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. Closed on the 1st Feb., with four subscribers, viz.:

1. Col. Thos. Watson names ch. c. *John Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar.
2. H. A. Tayloe names b. c. *John Howard*, by Pacific, dam by Grey-tail.
3. Boardman & McLaran name ch. c. *Shamrock*, by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight.
4. J. J. Burton names br. c. *Tom Leefe*, by Imp. Leviathan—Black Sophia by Topgallant.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a subscription of $25 each, Mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake, free for all ages, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, P. P. To close on or before the 1st March, 1840.

☞ Entries for the above stakes may be forwarded to the Secretary or Proprietor.

The ensuing Spring Meeting promises to prove of most unusual attraction.

☞ Five or six of the best stables in the South West will winter in Mobile, and thus insure a large field for every race. The stakes are numerous and varied, the purses large, and the known excellence and quickness of the course will naturally attract vast numbers of horses to compete for them, thus ensuring fame and profit to the winners, with sport and excitement to the public.

DAVID STEPHENSON, *Proprietor*.

F. K. WEST, *Secretary*. Dec. 28.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Seven subscribers, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Imp. Leviathan.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.
6. Balie Peyton names produce of Black Maria and Imp. Leviathan.
7. John R. Grymes names produce of Susan Yandell and Imp. Leviathan. [j18]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

TO THE COCKERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Cockers of Hagerstown, Washington County, and State of Maryland, will close a main of cocks between this date and the first day of March next, for $2500 the odd fight, against any party that will plank up, to shew 31 cocks, from 4.12 to 6.4—forfeit $1000, the forfeit to be placed in any solvent bank in the United States. To fight any established rules the opposing party may name.

The Main to be fought at Hagerstown. For further particulars, direct to

Jan. 11. J. H. RAGAN, Hagerstown, Md

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor*

RALEIGH (N. C.) STATE COURSE.

THE SPRING RACES over the *State Course*, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, the 28th of April next.

No. 1. Sweepstake for Spring of 1840. for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Four or more to make a race. Now four subs.

J. McLeod. Hugh Rogers. David McDaniel. Maj. N. T. Green.

No. 2. For Spring of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

No. 3. For Fall Meeting of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st of March, 1840. Ten or more to make a race. Now eight subs., viz.:

John White.	Jno. C. Rogers.	Robt. Chapman, }
Thos. W. Rainey.	David McDaniel.	by N. T. Green. }
Abner Robertson.	W. B. Cunningham.	Wm. Townes.

No. 4. For Spring Meeting of 1841. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Polk names Imp. ch. f. *Varielletta*, by The Colonel, out of Imp. Variella.
2. Nathl. T. Green names —— by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Duane's dam.
3. J. C. Rogers names b. c. *Philo Alston*, by Imp. Priam, out of Lady Rowland by Tariff.
4. David McDaniel names ch. c *Inca*, by Andrew, out of Vashti's dam.
5. W. McCargo names ch. c. by Prophet, out of sister to Fanny Hill (Chas. Charter's d.)
6. Col. Wade Hampton names b. c. *Ruby*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Bay Maria, own sister to Black Maria and Shark.
7. O. P. Hare names —— by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Pera.
8. W. H. E. Merritt and Jas. French name gr. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Andrewetta's d.

No. 5. Spring Meeting, 1843. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Delphine and Imp. Hibiscus.
2. Also, produce of Charlotte Russe and Imp. Priam.
3. J. M. Bryant names produce of Martha Leith by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Leviathan.
4. J. C. Rogers names produce of Polly Peachem by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
5. David McDaniel names produce of Lady Biller by Marion, and Imp. Priam.
6. Jno White (of Jackson, N. C.)
7. P. A. Prindle names produce of Aggy-down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
8. R B Cunningham names produce of Lady Mayo by Van Tromp, and Imp. Rowton.
9. Geo. Goodwyn names produce of Lady Nancy and Imp. Priam.
10. David McDaniel names produce of a Napoleon mare and Imp. Priam.
11. Jas. W. Williamson names produce of a Sir Archy mare and Benbow.
12. P. M. Bryant and Jos. Bryant name produce of Grey Momus' dam by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. J. W. Williamson and Capt. Eubanks name produce of Sally Eubanks and Imp. Priam.
14. W. H. E. Merritt & Brother name produce of Sophia and Imp. Priam.
15. Wm. McCargo names produce of Fanny Hill (Chas. Carter's dam) and Imp. Priam.

No. 6. Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st of March, 1840. To be run at the Spring Meeting of 1840.

7. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st July, 1840. Four or more to make a race. Now two subs. To be run the Fall Meeting of 1840. DAVID McDANIEL.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 24, 1840.—[feb1]

SWEEPSTAKES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

A COPY from the "Sweepstakes Book" of *Union Course*, Long Island, of Stakes made and closed for the years 1840 and 1841.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., but if declared by 1st of March, 1840, then $50. Twenty-two subscribers, viz.:

1. Robt Tillotson names ch. f. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Polly Jones.
2. Also, produce of Garland and Henry.
3. Jas. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Imp. Barefoot.
4. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Barefoot.
5. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Barefoot.
6. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
7. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
8. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Imp. Trustee.
9. Also, produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
10. John C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
11. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
13. Also, produce of Mary Blunt's dam and Marion.
14. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
17. Nat. T. Green names produce of Aggy-down and Shark.
18. C. P. Green names produce of Calliope and Shark.
19. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Maria West and Imp. Shakspeare.
20. W. Livingston names full brother to Dosoris.
21. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
22. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Sev n subscribers, viz.:

1. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Lady Mostyn and Imp. Trustee.
2. Also, produce of Bianca and Imp. Trustee.
3. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dods and Imp. Trustee.
5. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Trustee.
6. Alex. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Romp and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Three subscribers, viz.:

1. Asher P. Hamlin names ch. c. by Imp. Barefoot, out of Dame Quickly.
2. Wm. Gibbons names ch. f. *Fairy*, by Henry, out of Firefly by Imp. Barefoot.
3. John D. Kirby names br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.

Second Meeting, SPRING, 1840—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. The second in last heat to receive back his stake, unless one shall win a heat and not be distanced. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. John P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam and Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James and Eclipse.
3. J. M. Selden names produce of Florida.
4. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe and Henry.
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle and Star.
6. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Garland and Henry.
7. Also, produce of Geranium and Imp. Barefoot.
8. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Imp. Barefoot.
9. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Mons. Tonson.
10. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Barefoot.
11. I. S Snedecor names produce of Blank and Imp. Barefoot.
12. Hamilton Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot.
13. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Imp. Trustee.
14. Also, produce of Powancy and Imp. Trustee.
15. Also, produce of Monmouth's dam and Imp. Trustee.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Imp. Barefoot.
17. Jno. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Henry.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Plenipo.
19. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Tranby.
20. J. W. Seaman names produce of Green's Filho mare and Henry.

First Meeting, SPRING, 1841—Mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; if declared by January, 1840, then $100. The 2d horse in first heat to draw his stakes, if not afterwards distanced, and if so, then the 3d in first heat, provided five start. Sixteen subscribers, viz.:

1. Walter Livingston names produce of Sport's-mistress and Imp. Trustee.*
2. Also, produce of Jemima and Imp. Trustee.
3. Also, produce of Alice Grey and Imp. Trustee.*
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
5. Also, produce of Lalla Rookh and Imp. Priam.
6. Also, produce of Celeste and Imp. Priam.
7. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Imp. Trustee.
8. J. H. Van Mater names produce of Henrietta, by Henry, and Imp. Valentine
9. Wm. Jones names produce of Princess and Imp. Trustee.
10. Also, produce of Dove and Imp. Trustee.
11. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Monmouth Eclipse
12. Also, produce of Charlotte Pace and Monmouth Eclipse.
13. Alfred J. Vaughan names produce of his Shylock mare and Andrew.
14. Jno. D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Shark.
15. R. F. Stockton names produce of Imp. Diana and Dr. Syntax.
16. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Garland and Imp. Trustee.

Union Course, Long Island, Jan. 23, 1840.—[j25-3t] * Forfeit declared.

Spring, 1840, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next.

Spring, 1840, for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race, and second best to draw his stakes if four start. To name and close 1st of April next.

Fall, 1840, for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next.

Fall, 1840, for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race, and second best to draw his stakes if four start. To name and close 1st of April next.

Spring, 1841, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, confined to the get of Trustee, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; four or more to make a race. To name and close 7th of June, 1840. Now four subscribers.

Fall, 1841, for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., declaration of $50 forfeit by the 1st of Jan., 1841; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped 1840, to run Spring 3 years old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., declaration of forfeit $50, by the 1st of January, 1843; four or more to make a race. To close 7th of June, 1840.

In addition to the above, stakes are open for all ages, both Spring and Fall. Gentlemen wishing to make nominations will please address "To the Secretary of the New York Jockey Club, New York City."

New York, Feb. 6, 1840.—[feb8]

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville (Tenn) Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 yrs. old, for $2000 eoch, half forfeit, or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three mile heats*; to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit within one month after notice of said declaration.

This Stake closed on the 1st of Jan last, with Fifteen subscribers, namely;—

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Jas. Jackson names ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Waxlight by Imp. Leviathan.
2. Saml. Ragland names b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Othella's dam.
3. T. Watson names names gr. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade.
4. Lucius J. Polk names ch. c. *Ambassador*, by Plenipo, out of Imp. Jenny Mills.
5. Rufus K. Polk names Imp. b. f. by The Colonel, out of Imp. Pledge.
6. Nich Davis names ch. c. *Joe Bradley*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Design.
7. Jas. W. Camp names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Dancy by Timoleon.
8. E. H. Boardman names b. f. *Premium*, by Imp. Consol, out of an Imp. Woful mare.
9. Wm. H Polk names Imp. ch. c. *John Blevins*, by The Colonel, out of Imp. Trinket.
10. Jesse Cage names gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Maria by Pacolet.
11. Geo. Elliott names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet.
12. Geo. W. Polk names Imp. b. f. *Daisy*, by Glaucus, out of Imp. Primrose.
13. Chas. Bosley & H. M. Clay name f. by Imp. Philip, out of Melzare's dam.
14. O. Towles names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Molly Long by Stockholder.
15. Wm. Wynn names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr.

THE TRIAL STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, at the October meeting of 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stake," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit. or $250 if declared the 1st of January, 1842; *Two mile heats*; to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

This Stake closed on the 1st of Jan. last, with Twenty-five subscribers, namely:—

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. James Jackson names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. Gallopade.
2. Samuel Ragland names produce of Othello and Preston's dam by Roanoke.
3. T. Watson names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. Pickle.
4. W. H. Boddie. Nomination not received.
5. L. P. Cheatham names produce of Imp. Priam and Isabella by Sir Archy.
6. Lucius J. Polk names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Imp. Jenny Mills.
7. Wm. H. Polk names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Imp. Trinket.
8. Rufus K. Polk names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Selia Burns by Stockholder.
9. N. Davis names produce of Count Badger and Imp. Design.
10. E. H. Boardman names produce of Imp. Consul and Imp. Plenty.
11. Also, produce of Imp. Consol and Sarah Bell by Sir Archy.
12. Jas. W. Camp names produce of Imp. Leviathan, and Vanity.
13. Hickman Lewis names produce of Imp. Luzborough, and Salome by Imp. Leviathan.
14. H. Dickinson names produce of Imp Leviathan and Mary Smith.
15. Geo. Elliott names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Hibernia.
16. Alex. Barrow names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Lilac by Imp. Leviathan.
17. T. Kirkman names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. Gutty.
18. Wm Wynn names produce of Picton and Victoria.
19. Jno. C. Guild names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Proserpine.
20. Jno. C. Rogers names produce of Imp. Priam and Maria West
21. Isaac Lane and Jas. Kirkman name produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. ch. mare by Aaron, out of Imp. Schumla.
22. Also, produce of Imp. Glencoe and Harriet by Imp. Leviathan.
23. Thos. J. Hunt names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Black Bird by Arab.
24. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Priam and Bay Maria, sis. to Shark, etc.
25. Jno. S. Corbin names produce of Priam and Imp. My Lady, Passenger's dam.

HUGH KIRKMAN, Sec'y N. J. C.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 23, 1840.—[feb. 8]

SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a rece; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given.

WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor.*

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1839.—[dec14]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE

Vol. XI., No. 2.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1840.

THE FEBRUARY No. of this work was published on the 31st of Jan., from the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," corner of Broadway and Barclay street. This number is embellished with two very handsome Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS.

PORTRAIT of WACOUSTA; on Steel by Dick after Troye.
WILD HORSES FIGHTING; on Copper by Bannerman after Herring.

CONTENTS.

To Readers and Correspondents, Etc. 50
Memoir of Wacousta; By the Editor 51
Review of the American Racing Season, 1839; By "Loudon" 52
A Week at the Fire Islands on Long Island; by "J. Cypress, Jr." 57
Wild Horses Fighting; By the Editor 63
Death of Arthur Pavis 63
Hunting Song 64
Review of the English Racing Season, 1839; By "Uncle Toby" 65
Native and Imported Stallions; By "B. C." 70
Rules and Regulations of the New York Jockey Club 74
History of Various Studs; By "Nimrod" 81
Memoir of Janette; By the Editor 90
Compliment to "Frank Forester"; By J. L. 92
Notes of the Month; By the Editor 93

Cracks out of Training	93	Importation of Stock	93
Matches	"	Sales of Stock	94
New Courses and Jockey Clubs	"	Names Claimed	95

Turf Register 97

Stock of Hugh and John Kirkman	97	Pedigree of Ringwood and Rollin	97
" A. A. Van Bebber	98	" Crusher	100
" Gen. Thomas B. Scott	"	" Maximus	"
" John A. Jones	99	" Little Poole	"
" Robert S. Wooding	100	" Autossee	"

American Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at

New Orleans, La., Metarie Course	61	Mobile, Ala., Bascombe Course	63
" " " Louisiana Course	"	La Grange, Tenn.	"
" " " Eclipse Course	62	Natchez, Miss.	64
Camden, S. C.	63	Hinds County, Miss.	"

English Racing Calendar, 1839. Races at

Bath	41	Stockbridge	44
Knighton	"	Newcastle-on-Tyne	45
Hippodrome	42	Ludlow	46
Bibury Club	43	Doncaster	47
Buxton	44		

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, February 1, 1840.

BROOD MARES FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has in Kentucky two fine brood mares, both having had colts by Mingo, and both again in foal by him. They accompanied him when sent to that State, and it was the intention of the undersigned to keep and breed from them so long as Mingo remained in Ky. As it will be impossible to get them back to Pennsylvania before the Fall, the subscriber is induced to offer them for sale. To Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, near Lexington, on the Maysville road, and Mr. J. HOWARD SHEFFER, of Childsburg, Fayette County, reference may be made for price, terms, &c. The pedigrees of the mares are annexed:—

DUCHESS OF BERRY, a bay mare, by John Richards, bred by me, foaled on the 21st day of June, 1830. Her dam a chesnut mare, Grand Duchess, by Gracchus, (he by Imp. Diomed,) bred by the late John Randolph, Esq., of Roanoke, Virginia, and foaled in 1814; her dam, the English imported mare Duchess, bred by the Duke of Grafton, got by Grouse (son of Highflyer, out of Georgiana, own sister to Conductor, by Matchem,) her dam by Magnet, (son of King Herod,) great grandam (sister to Johnny) by Matchem, (son of old Cade;) g. g. grandam by Babraham (son of Godolphin Arabian;) g. g. g. grandam by Croft's old Partner (son of Jig): g. g. g. g. grandam by Bloody Buttocks (called also the Speedy Stallions, a favorite in Mr. Croft's stud at Barforth;) her dam by Greyhound, out of Brocklesby Betty, ("the best runner of her day,") who was got by the Curwen Bay Barb, out of Mr. Leed's Hoby mare, by the Lister Turk.

The above mare produced a bay colt by Mingo, Spring of 1839, and is again with foal by him. She is very handsome, of fair size, lengthy, healthy, and a sure breeder. Her colt by Mingo is uncommonly handsome, and at seven months old he measured, by an accurate standard, 13 hands and over 2 inches high. In form he is symmetrical.

A CHESNUT MARE, six years old, by Mambrino (he by American Eclipse.) Her dam by Col. Thomas Minor's Escape, he by Imp. Escape; (see Horns, English Stud Book, Vol. I., page 482;) his dam Miss Marske, by Imp. Bedford; her dam the imported mare Gasteria, by Balloon (see English Stud Book); Escape or Horns was by Precipitate, out of a full sister of the imported horse Buzzard. Gasteria was by Balloon, her dam by Marske, grandam Cremona, by Regulus Traveller—Hip—Snake; imported by Col. Hoomes, of Va. The Chesnut mare's grandam Young Adeline (bred, I believe, by Col. Tayloe,) by Topgallant, g. grandam Adeline (Col. Tayloe's, that won ten races out of eleven, most of them four mile heats, against capital horses,) by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. grandam by Whistle Jacket, g. g. g. grandam by old Rockingham, g. g. g. g. grandam by old Cub, g. g. g. g. g. grandam the famous old Lady Northumberland.

This mare produced a chesnut colt by Mingo, Spring of 1839, very strong, and very handsome, and she is again with foal by the same horse. She is of fair size, roomy, healthy, and a sure breeder.

C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 27, 1840—[feb1]

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC.

VERY valuable Property in the City of Raleigh and its vicinity, for sale—FINE BLOOD STOCK, &c.

The subscriber, finding it impossible from his extensive engagements in another State, to devote that time and attention to his business here, requisite to its being properly conducted, offers for sale or rent THE EAGLE HOTEL, in the City of Raleigh, at present occupied by him. The Hotel, as every one knows, acquainted with it, is as desirable property as can be owned, if the Proprietor can give his personal attention to it. It is now thoroughly furnished, and the purchaser or lessee could take immediate possession. Few situations in the United States offer so fine a chance for the profitable investment of money.

Also, a Lot of Ground, containing Six Acres, with a new Dwelling, Stone Stable, and Barn.

Also, a Plantation on Crab Tree Creek, within 2½ miles of Raleigh, containing 678 Acress, and including all necessary buildings for a comfortable residence.

Also, 50 Acres of Wood Land, about four miles from the city, lying near the old Hillsboro' Road.

The above property will be sold on accommodating terms. Persons desirous of owning the whole, or any part thereof, are requested to make early application.

The subscriber also offers for sale the whole of his valuable stock of BLOOD HORSES as follows, viz:

No. 1. *Maria West*, dam of Wagner and Fanny, foaled in 1827, by Marion, dam by Imp. Citizen, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Trial Stake, Nashville, Tenn., $1000 each, to be run the day previous to the Peyton Stake; also, in the great Produce Stake, to be run over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, $5000 entrance, four mile heats, Fall of 1843; already five subscribers.

No. 2. *Polly Peachem*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance, foaled in 1828, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Produce Stake, 1843, mile heats, to be run over the State Course near Raleigh, $1000 entrance; also, at Newmarket, Va., $1000. The number of the subscribers to these Stakes will be published in the "Spirit of the Times" soon after January.

No. 3. *Mary Blunt*, ch. m. by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, foaled in 1833.

No. 4. *Lady Roland*, b. m by Tariff, dam by Ball's Florizel, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 5. *Mary Ann*, b m. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 6. *Lady Chesterfield*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Arab, her dam by Imp. Knowsby, now in foal to Imp. Priam

No. 7. *Lama*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Buzzard, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 8. A Dun Mare, foaled in 1832, by Sir Charles, in foal by Red Wasp.

No. 9. One half ch. f. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of No. 1, 3 years old—half owned by Col. HAMPTON, of South Carolina, and now in his possession.

No. 10 *Dolly Thorpe*, b. f. 2 yr. old, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of No. 2—won her Sweepstakes over the State Course near Raleigh, nine subscribers, $200 each.

No. 11. *Rail Road*, gr. c. 2 years old, by Imp. Felt, dam by Young Friday.

No. 12. Half of b. f. *Fanny Dingle*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, foaled in 1837—the other half owned by Maj. Thos. Doswell, Hanover county, Va.

No. 13. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 4—engaged at Newmarket, Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each; also, at the State Couse, $1000 each. See Spirit of the Times, after January 1st, for number of entries.

No. 14. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Lyman, out of No. 5—engaged at Newmarket Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each, Spring 3 yr. olds.

No. 15. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Andrew, out of No. 1—engaged in the great Peyton Stake for $150,000, and is considered one of the most promising entries in the Stake.

No. 16. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 5.

No. 17. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 6.

The whole of the above Stock of Blood Horses will be sold at Public Sale, on the 1st day of July next, in the City of Raleigh if not privately sold before that time.

Applications, personally or by letter, can be made, until the day of sale, at Raleigh, N. C.

J. C. ROGERS.

Raleigh, Jan. 1, 1840.—[jan25]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following choice stock, of pure blood and unexceptionable pedigree, is offered for sale, viz.:

No. 1. *Nancy Norwood*, (dam of Atalanta,) by Thornton's Rattler, out of a Bonaparte mare, she out of a double crossed Medley mare; now 14 years old, and in foal to Priam.

2. *Camilla*, out of Nancy Norwood by Sussex; now 6 years old, and open.

3. A bay filly, out of Camilla by Priam, now at the foot, finely pointed, and large of her age.

4. *Maid of Northampton*, a grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood by Autocrat, now 3 years old, and winner of the Maryland produce stake over the National Course in Oct. last.

5. *Violetta*, out of Lady Telegraph by Oscar Junior, now 4 years old, and in foal to Imp. John Bull.

Together with a number of others, male and female, of pure and undoubted pedigrees. As the pedigrees of this stock have long since been published both in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," a reference to those papers will satisfy the most scrupulous of the entire purity and value of the lot. Any gentleman or company of gentlemen who may desire to purchase the lot, or any portion thereof, can obtain every information by addressing the subscriber through the Bladensburg post office, Maryland.

SAML. SPRIGG.

Dec. 16, 1839—[dec21]

RACING STABLE FOR SALE.

IN consequence of ill health, which renders it impossible for me to devote my attention to the management of the training stable; I will offer at Public Sale (if not privately disposed of) at the St. Charles Exchange Hotel, New Orleans, on the day previous to the Spring Meeting of 1840, the following blood stock. The terms will be made known on the day of sale.

1. Ch. h. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.
2. Gr. f. *Queen of Trumps*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.
3. Ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs.
4. Ch. f. *Mango*, by Taurus, out of Imp Pickle, 3 yrs.
5. Ch. c. *John Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Oscar, 3 yrs.
6. B. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.

Persons wishing to purchase at private sale will please address to me at Mobile, where the horses can be seen until a few days previous to the sale.

THOS. WATSON.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 26, 1839.—[jan18]

FOR SALE,

THE well-known Trotting horse AWFUL. For particulars apply at the New York Hippona, 65 and 67 Watt street.

CODDINGTON & McMANUS.

New York, December 28, 1839.

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street Albany.

WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

BELSHAZZAR.

THIS splendid English Stallion will make his present season (1840) at the stable of the subscriber, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 the season, and $125 to insure; with $1 cash to the groom, in every case. The season will commence 15th February, and expire 1st July. All persons who may patronise him are requested before the season closes, to execute their notes, payable 1st January, 1841; at which time the money for his services will be due. For the insurance, the money will be claimed as soon as the mare is ascertained to be in foal, or transferred. Mares entrusted to my care, will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain, at $1,25 per week; and every attention paid to insure their being in foal; also to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

Belshazzar is a rich chesnut, with no white except a small star, and a little white on his off hind foot; full 16 hands high, of fine length and reach, head and neck of such exquisite form and beauty, as to please the most captious and fault-finding; a shoulder resembling English Eclipse's, (one of his renowned ancestors,) very extensive and well placed back, and loin truly fine; limbs as clean and flinty as those of the deer, and a silky coat of hair. Take him altogether, he is a horse of high racing form, and is remarkable for his gaiety, beauty, and symmetry; and need only to be looked upon, to be admired.

For further information as to pedigree and performances, reference is made to the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, page 154, of the March No., 1839.

Jan. 11.—[t1my] WM. P. CAMPBELL, Agent for the owners.

IMPORTED HIBISCUS.

WILL make his next season at the Farm near the Washington race Course, Charleston, South Carolina, and will be put to mares at $40 the season, and $1 to the groom, to be paid in every instance before the mares are served.

Hibiscus is a beautiful bay, without white, 15 hands 3 inches high, of great length, and fine action. He was bred by Lord Exeter, and was foaled in 1834; he was got by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, out of Moses' dam by Gohanna, out of Grey Skin by Woodpecker—Herod, &c. His sire, Sultan, ranked higher in England than any stallion of his day in the kingdom, and his dam unites most of the fevorite crosses of this country, as her pedigree will show. For particulars see Racing Calendar of 1837 and '38.

The season will commence on the 1st of February, and end on the 1st of July. Mares will be well fed at 50 cents per day, and separate lots provided for such as have young foals. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility should any occur.

Hibiscus is a horse of the purest pedigree, and in high racing form, exceedingly handsome, and the low price at which his services are offered to the public, will, it is hoped, insure him a liberal patronage. For particulars address his proprietor at the Queen st stables, Charleston.

[Jan.11] GEORGE FRYER.

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1½ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above—
AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252. ACHMED EL EBAB.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN,
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. WADE HAMPTON's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1834. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N. B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price. Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21-5m]

FRANKLIN HOTEL, TUSCUMBIA, Ala.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has opened the above establishment for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen. A share of the custom of the travelling community is solicited.

Dec. 28. L. G. GARRETT, *Proprietor.*

S. J. SYLVESTER'S

STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, is *not* removed, but continues at 22 Wall Street and 130 Broadway, at which office he has been established for the last 15 years.

Uncurrent Money taken at the lowest market rates, and if sent from abroad, proceeds can be drawn at sight, or remittance will be returned according to instructions.

Collections—Notes and Drafts collected on all parts of the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

Drafts at sight for £5 and upwards, payable on any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can always be obtained, as also Bills on Paris and Hamburg, or persons at a distance have only to remit the amount to S. J. Sylvester, with instructions, to ensure prompt attention.

Bills of Exchange, Bank of England notes, and all descriptions of Foreign Gold bought at the highest price.

Stocks, Corporation Bonds, and other secuties bought and sold. All communications must be addressed to

S. J. SYLVESTER,
130 Broadway and 22 Wall street.

Dec. 28.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession. Clubs, Amateurs, &c will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete setsalways on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to [illegible].

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Feb. 15—Miss CUSHMAN'S Benefit; on which occasion Mr. RANGER will appear—THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL; Lady Teazle, Miss Cushman—and THE ROMANTIC WIDOW; Marquis, Mr. Ranger; Ernestine, Miss S. Cushman, who will appear for this nignt only,

MONDAY, Feb. 17—First night of the engagement of Mrs. MARTYN, Miss POOLE, Messrs. GIUBELEI, MANVERS, and MARTYN—the new Opera of THE ELIXIR OF LOVE.

TUESDAY, Feb. 18—Second night of the Opera of THE ELIXIR OF LOVE.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 19—Mr. RICHINGS' Benefit.

THURSDAY, Feb. 20—Third night of the engagement of the Operatic Troupe; FRA DIAVOLO.

FRIDAY, Feb. 22—Fourth night of the engagement of the Operatic Troupe; THE LOVE SPELL.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—Mrs. FITZWILLIAM closed her re-engagement last evening, and leaves us (for the South,) until May next, when we hope to have the pleasure of seeing her in renewed health and in her usual gay and cheerful spirits. She is a most delightful and accomplished artist. With all the nature and feeling of Mrs. KEELEY, and the grace and spirit of Madame VESTRIS, her talents as a vocalist are immeasurably superior to either. Critics of all grades and dispositions, are constrained to pay homage to the sterling talent and genius which characterize her impersonations, and can only exercise their calling by discussing whether her last new character is quite as entertaining, engrossing or delightful as its predecessor.

We beg to apprise the friends of Old Drury, that this evening is set apart for the benefit of one of the brightest ornaments of the company. Let it be a substantial one, worthy of the Park audience, and of the gifted and accomplished recipient. Miss CUSHMAN deserves an old fashioned house, filled with the beauty and fashion of the town, and if a tithe of the admirers of the grace, spirit, and feeling she infuses into her characters are in attendance on this occasion, our warmest wishes for the success of the benefit will be amply realized. Those strangers in town who have not had the gratification of seeing Mr. RANGER, are apprised that he has volunteered his services on this occasion.

The new opera of "The Elixir of Love" is to be produced on Monday, and musical amateurs anticipate a delicious treat. The cast is immense, including Mrs. MARTYN, Miss POOLE, GIUBELEI, MANVERS, and MARTYN. The Operatic Troupe appear four nights during the week.

Just as our paper was going to press, we learned that RICHINGS, one of the most deserving and useful members of the Park company, would offer his name for a benefit on Wednesday next. "Isabel," a new piece by Buckstone, and the comedy of "Much Ado about Nothing," are features in the bill. The latter is more strongly cast than can be done in any theatre in the Union, including every prominent member of the company. We earnestly hope and trust Mr. Richings may be greeted by a crowded house.

The Olympic.—A new travestie of "Hamlet" is the last of MITCHELL'S novelties, and a very capital thing it is—full of wit and spirit—in which the talent of the company is displayed to great advantage. Mrs. BAILEY, Mrs. PLUMER, HORNCASTLE, and MITCHELL—the latter a host in himself—are nightly drawing crowds. The managers appear to have opened a new vein, and so successfully have they worked it thus far, that it would seem to be exhaustless. There is no place in town comparable to the Olympic for the enjoyment of real waggery and fun.

The Chatham.—The travestie of Romeo and Juliet at this house, is said to be a very laughable affair. BROWNE and Mrs. FLYNN sustain the characters of the lovers, and as might be expected, with great eclat. On Thursday last, a match for $500 a side (we wish they may get it!) came off between the rival negro dancers, Diamond and Pelham. The house was so crowded at 10 o'clock, that a friend of ours could not obtain sight of the stage. Master Diamond is said to have "flaxed out" young Pelham, who claims to be "de mos science nigga!" The tunes "chawed up" on the occasion, were "Juba"—"For I'me gwine to the Alabarne"—"Go way, nigga"—"Jimmy, is yer hoecake done?"—"Shinbone Alley," etc., etc.

The Broadway and *The Bowery Circus* are each doing a good business. People from the country may not be aware that there is a performance every Saturday afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

"The Spirit" has engaged a new theatrical correspondent in Paris—a capital critic, and an intelligent, spirited writer. He sails for Havre next Monday, in the *Silvie de Grasse*. He is something like a seventeenth cousin to "the Girls Up-Town," and *of course* is smart, witty, gay, and knowing. Take him for all in all, he is an out and outer, whether at collating "on dits," quizzing the nobodys, or humbugging the knowing ones. You don't "see anything green" about him "sticking out." A pleasant voyage and all sorts of good luck wait on him! P.S. Please remember us to Mr. Louis Philippe, and present our compliments to Miss Victoria. Tell Albert that he's a lucky dog—he saw her before we did—we say nothing! If you see Nicholas, you may hint to him that his last volume of the "Spirit," which he ordered bound in *Russia*, is ready for him, but that we shall expect the subscription in advance next year. By the way, if young De Joinville says anything again about buying half of the "Turf Register," you may as well tell him at once, that Prince Puckler Muskau has the refusal of it at half a million of florins, and will probably get it if the Rothschilds will lend him the money. That's all!

What has become of Yankee HILL, and where is that pretty Miss REYNOLDS? They were somewhere "Down East" at our last advices.

We have not heard a syllable for weeks of OXLEY, MARBLE, JOHN R. SCOTT, or of Mrs. STUART (Mary Vos, that was). GEORGE BARRETT is a "fixed star" at New Orleans, and we hope will draw the highest prize in Caldwell's Lottery—and share it with us. FRED. HILL had a thumping benefit the other day, we have "promiscuously" forgotten where.

A. A. ADDAMS (better known as "Gus. Addams") and his wife, the late Mary Duff, should re-visit the glimpses of the North, if not of the moon. They have been playing between the Savannah and Mississippi rivers this age.

MAT. FIELD has cut the stage, and joined issue with KENDALL, in the "Picayune," at New Orleans. We never saw him play, but if he was as clever an actor as he is a writer, his retirement will be a serious loss to the profession.

What has become of Miss HILDRETH since her engagement in Boston some time since? She was nearly ruined by her friends at the time of her making her *debut* at the Park, and has since been endeavoring by close study to merit the encomiums bestowed upon her then.

There is "some talk" in Boston respecting a grand complimentary benefit to that eminent tragedian, Mr. SHALES. It is expected all the talent in this part of the country will volunteer on the occasion. The tragedy of *Zanga* was proposed for the main feature in the bill, but Shales insists that "Otheller is the most properest"—he goes for the real *Shakspeer*, and no mistake. If the committee desire it, he is willing to go on for *Iarger*, but *Otheller* is his part, and he "don't ask no odds of nobody!"

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM having concluded her engagement at the Park last night, plays this evening in Philadelphia, and on Monday at Washington, on her way to Charleston, where she succeeds CHARLES KEAN (who plays during the race week,) on the 24th inst. Mrs. F. proposes visiting Savannah and Augusta while at the South, and on her return home in May, (we say *home* with pleasure, referring to this city of course, where she is believed to be unrivalled either as an actress or vocalist,) will probably play an engagement at Richmond, Norfolk and Petersburgh. Our Southern friends may be assured they have never seen or heard her equal, in a class of characters comprising some of the most novel, interesting, and exciting creations in the whole range of the Drama. While her return is anticipated with pleasure by "troops of friends" in the North, we but express the general feeling here when we yield her our warmest wishes for her health and success, and commend her most cordially to the discriminating suffrages of our friends in the sunny South.

Miss CLIFTON has recovered from her indisposition, and after playing a farewell engagement will sail for Europe, early in the Spring.

The "Marshall Theatre" at Richmond, was closed on the 23d ult., as a mark of respect to the late Mr. FINN, under whose immediate care and guidance, the lessee, Mr. GEO. JONES, made his debut. A sister of Mrs. J.—a young lady of this city,—has made a very successful first appearance as *Letitia Hardy*, in "The Belle's Stratagem."

There is an *on dit* afloat that Miss SHIRREFF and WILSON were to have played at Philadelphia last week, but that they lacked a *basso*. SEGUIN wouldn't play, and RICHINGS, who was asked, couldn't. While matters were at this "sixes and sevens," at the manager's intercession, in stepped "Little POOLE," GIUBELEI and MANVERS, who were in Philadelphia preparing to give a series of Concerts.

In Boston, at the Tremont, the stock company are taking benefits. At the National, Mr. and Mrs. HENRY WALLACK, are playing. It is rumored that Mr. JONES, the lessee of the Tremont, is soon to give up his lease of that establishment.

CELESTE has been playing this week at the Chesnut st. Theatre, Philadelphia. At the Walnut st. they have produced a melo-drama called "Sadak and Kalasdrade." *La Sylphide* is announced as soon to be produced, with Miss LEE as the Sylph.

Miss POOLE, MANVERS and GIUBELEI sang two nights at the "Musical Fund Concerts," and afterwards appeared three nights at the Chesnut st. Theatre, in *La Sonnambula*.

There is no Theatre open in Baltimore. Mrs. MAEDER (late Clara Fisher), and HUNT, of the Southern theatres, have been playing vaudevilles, at the Museum, under the management of Jackson, formerly of the Bowery. Mrs. BAILEY and BROWNE are announced to appear next week at the same place. The RAINER family have been giving Concerts.

Last week BURTON played an engagement at the National Theatre, Washington. BOOTH is now playing in Othello, Richard, etc. Booth made his first appearance in America, in Richmond, where at present VANDENHOFF and his son Mr. H. Vandenhoff are playing in "Brutus," with Mrs. GEO. JONES as *Tullia*. Miss V. is ill, and did not accompany her father South.

The Hungarian Singers are giving Concerts.

At Charleston, Madame OTTO, JONES, late of the Park, and BROUGH, are playing, but are soon to be succeeded by CHARLES KEAN. We observe that Mr. and Miss BARNES appeared for one night. Baron DE FLEUR is giving Concerts.

At Mobile, Jan. 31st, Madame LECOMTE was delighting the good people in *La Bayadere*. CONNER was also playing in "Tortesa the Usurer." Mr. KLISCHNIG had just concluded his engagement, having appeared as "The Ape of Brazil,"—a very intellectual character, and peculiarly calculated to develope the mental resources of this nice young man.

At the St. Charles, New Orleans, the SLOMANS are still engaged. The Camp St. Theatre has been coverted into a handsome ball-room. HERR CLINE is at the Orleans Theatre.

The Natchez and Vicksburg Theatres are closed we presume, as we cannot "by any manner of means" hear of them. What has become of that "babe of grace," CALIBAN THORNE? He is making friends and money somewhere,—sure.

Mrs. FANNY A. DRAKE (well known in the theatrical world) as the late Miss DENNY, was lately married to a member of the Indiana House of Representatives. She is decidedly a clever actress, and a very spirited, energetic, accomplished woman.

La belle NELSON, at the last advices was playing at Shelbyville, Tenn., as gay and pretty as ever.

The KENDALLS, of the "Boston Brass Band," are giving concerts at Providence.

Miss RANDOLPH is at Albany. Business "shy."

The Augusta Theatre closed on Feb. 1st., and the same company under the management of FORBES, opened in Savannah on Feb. 5th.

At Louisville, "Sommersets and Vaulting" are the order of the day.

Mrs. McLEAN is in town, we hear.

The benefit of Mr. RANGER, in Boston, on the 5th, was attended by one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season. As high as five dollars were paid for seats in the dress circle. The recipient must feel highly gratified by the compliment paid him by the citizens of the Modern Athens, and there is no man more capable of appreciating the very high honor. The Boston Times states that—

"The entertainments were the comedy of 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife,' and 'Monsieur Tonson.' Mr. Ranger played *Leon* very effectively, and as *Morbleu* was all we could wish for. At the end of the comedy Mr. Ranger was loudly called for, and after the green curtain drew up he appeared, to receive the cheers and approbation of the house, and to receive the gold medal, which was presented to him by a gentleman from the Proscenium Box, whom, we regret to say, was so overcome by the excitement, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could utter the words. He succeeded, nevertheless, after a while, in saying—

"'Mr. Ranger—Sir: I am commissioned by the Young Men of Boston to present you with this Medal, as a slight token of their estimate of your talents as an Actor, your acquirements as a Scholar, and your character as a Man. We beg you to accept it.'

Mr. Ranger, seeing his very great embarrassment, with much presence of mind, upon accepting the medal, gracefully bowed and withdrew. We must say, however, that it was highly honorable to the feelings of the gentleman who presented the medal in undertaking the very trying task; for it is not very generally known that three or four others offered their services on the occasion, and as the time approached they became alarmed and declined. The last act of the comedy was nearly over, and it was not decided upon who should present the medal. What was to be done? The audience would have been generally disappointed if it had not been presented on the stage, and rather than such disappointment should take place, the individual in question volunteered to do his best; and it surely redounds to his honor that he possessed the spirit to attempt it, although he lacked the power to execute.

The medal is of the finest gold, beautifully chased, and the engraving is beautifully executed by Torbit, a first rate artist. The inscription is as follows:—

"Ars Celare A tem."

PRESENTED BY
THE YOUNG MEN OF BOSTON
TO
EDWARD RANGER, ESQUIRE,
As a mark of their Admiration of his Talents as a Dramatic Author,
His eminent Genius as an Actor,
And of their Affectionate Regard towards him,
As a Gentleman of Noble and Generous Nature.
Palmam Qui Meruit Ferat.

After "Monsieur Tonson," Mr. Ranger was again loudly called for; he came forward, and addressed the audience to the following effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have received many gratifying attentions throughout England during my short Theatrical career, but none equal to the very high honor conferred upon me this evening; I will not attempt to express how gratified I feel, for I know I should intrude too much upon your patience; I will therefore content myself by assuring you that all I could say, and all that you would have me say, is most sensibly and gratefully felt; and allow me to add, that so marked a demonstration of your favor was quite unexpected, unlooked for, and unmerited. I however receive it in the 'spirit with which it is given,' and although I feel I do not deserve so much kindness, yet my future endeavors shall be—'*To try* to deserve it.'"

A MUSICAL PHENOMENON.

We commend the following, which we have cut from the London Times of a late date, to the notice of our readers, as a matter likely to create at no distant day, considerable excitement in this city. In addition to the importance of the invention alluded to, and its really surprising character, we have reason to believe that the Trumpeter, and its new appendage will be exhibited in this city and in Philadelphia, ere it take its departure for England, and we think we could even designate the lady, whom it is supposed that it shall first accompany. As far as musical accomplishments extend, she is indeed a "Syren;" and we have no doubt the thrilling notes of the Trumpeter, will admirably assist her vocal efforts in their effect.

"A great sensation has been created among the musical professors and amateurs of Genoa, by the accomplishment of what they term the "Ne plus ultra" of mechanical achievement, by a celebrated artizan residing in that neighborhood. The details, as given in the journals furnished us by the politeness of Messrs. Baring & Brothers, are very interesting, and from which we gather the following:—

"It appears that the celebrated Maelzel, during his sojourn in America, for the purpose of exhibiting his Automaton Performer on the Trumpet, and where he amassed great riches, was struck with the idea that it would be possible to produce an appendage to his Trumpeter, which would endow it with the faculty of accompanying the human voice, observing the rests, pauses, change of time, cadence, &c. precisely in the manner of a living artist.

"The master mind of Maelzel, having conceived the idea, his plans were quickly matured and drawn out, which he immediately forwarded with a 'carte blanche' as to expense to his friend, who had previously co-operated with him in the construction of his wonderful Automaton performer.

"It was a task of no ordinary difficulty, but with the certainty of ample remuneration, the ingenious artist set to work, and two years of incessant application, and repeated failures, produced at last a completely successful result, upon which he wrote to Maelzel, who unfortunately about this time died, while on his passage from Havanna to Philadelphia, at which place it is believed his effects were sold at auction, and among them the Automaton Trumpeter. Upon hearing this, the artizan offered his appendage for sale at Genoa, where a well known musical professor lately attached to Drury Lane Theatre, succeeded in obtaining it at a very high price, and immediately embarked for the United States, to purchase the Automaton Trumpeter, with the determination, as we understand, of its being first exhibited in London, at a series of concerts to be given in Exeter Hall. Which of our syrens it is to accompany, we have not yet beard, but we presume, (if the proprietor wishes to realize a fortune) she will be one of our own country women. We understand that Paganini, to whom it was shown, expressed himself highly delighted with it.

"When will wonders cease? or who shall define limits to the production of mental and physicial energies combined? Here, we are to have apparently a mere block of wood carved into the human shape, which, as though enchanted by the ferula of Prometheus, is to perform the functions of a living artist, and one too of taste and cultivation, on that most difficult of instruments."

AN UN-REHEARSED STAGE EFFECT,

OR A CURTAIN LECTURE.

Some days since the inhabitants of Marseilles were informed, by large placards posted on every spot in the town which was sacred to bill stickers, that a young and elegant actress would make her *debut* in a certain vaudeville that evening. This announcement attracted large crowds to the theatre. The *gants jaunes* flocked in numbers to admire, and young and old ladies had recourse to the hairdresser and dress maker, to assist them in their laudable endeavors not to be eclipsed by their dangerous rival. The house was crowded to suffocation. The orchestra had already played the overture, the bell was rung, the eyes and each particular member of the audience were eagerly turned towards the stage. At length the sluggish folds of the curtain were drawn up, and disclosed the young and beautiful actress to the admiring eyes of the *gants jaunes*, and the fault finding propensities of the middle-aged ladies. On she came in all the pride of beauty and costume, and, seeing the admiration she excited, her fluttering heart whispered to her—

"I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

But in this, alas! she was egregiously mistaken, for her long-left legitimate "monarch" happened to recognise in the *debutante* his faithless spouse, for whom he had sought in vain through every town in France. The husband, leaning forward out of his box, thus interrupted his wife just as she was mincing out the few first words, "trippingly on the tongue"—

"So I have found you at last, love?"

From all parts of the house—"Out with him," "Down with him," "Turn him out."

Husband (*loquitur*)—Gentlemen, will you hear what I have to say? I am a much injured man.

This proposal being accepted by gods, boxes, and pit, the unfortunate *Mari* continued—"Gentlemen, this, alas! is no comedy for me. The actress whom you have just done the honor to receive so enthusiastically is my faithless wife."

Actress (interrupting him)—*Mais, Monsieur*——

Husband—Let me tell my story. Gentlemen, I have sought her far and near. She fled from the home and bosom of her adoring husband to follow an infernal bailiff. I am sorry to interfere with your amusements, gentlemen, but I cannot allow my wife to be a player.

This pathetic appeal came strongly home to the business and bosoms of several husbands present: therefore they applauded their fellow sufferer. The *gants jaunes* were, however, inexorable. "*The play* is the thing," said they, and insisted that the husband should be ejected, in order that the performance might not be interrupted. A scene of uproar then ensued which baffles all description. In the midst of all this was heard the voice of the infuriated husband protesting against the continuance of the comedy. The unwearied portion of the audience still shout "Play out the play!" The piece was entitled *Cabinets Particuliers*, and assuredly one of those shady blest retreats—the terror of Parisian husbands, and the delight of Cicisbeos—would have been far better adapted to the *expose* of this episode in the history of the domestic manners of the French. But little did the faithless fair expect that the audience which greeted her on the drawing up of the curtain would so speedily be converted into unwilling listeners to a curtain lecture.

The cries of "Turn him out" prevailed, and the protesting husband was pounced upon by the police. The piece then continued without any further interruption.

Paris Print.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminen Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Since then portraits, in the same style of excellence, of JOHN BASCOMBE and Imp. LEVIATHAN have been published, to be followed by others of SHARK, MONARCH, and HEDGEFORD, all of which will appear before the close of the present volume (9th March, 1840).

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the [illegible] Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising [illegible] Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

☞ Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each; orders enclosing the money will be promptly attended to, and the Engravings, with or without the paper, will be sent to any section of the Union, so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, $10 in advance. For Six Month's Subscription, $5 in advance.
For Advertising One Square of 22 lines, first insertion $5—Each subsequent insertion $1.
No Advertisements will be inserted for a less sum than One dollar.

☞ Communications, if by Mail, should be addressed, post paid, to the Editor or left at the Publication Office on the Corner of Broadway and Barclay Street, in the American Hotel Basement.

F. L. GARVIN, Printer.